

From the Quarterly Review.

Foreign Reminiscences by Henry Richard Lord Holland. Edited by his Son, HENRY EDWARD LORD HOLLAND. pp. 362. London, 1850.

It is impossible, we think, to read ten pages of this volume without feeling a double surprise—the one, that the late Lord Holland should have written such trash—the other, and the greater, that the present Lord Holland should have thought that the publication could in any point of view be creditable to his father's memory. The notices of it which have appeared in several journals, and particularly a very able one in the *Times* of the 27th of January, must have already spread abroad a strong impression of its literary demerits; but we feel it to be our duty not only to state a full concurrence in those unfavorable opinions, but to enforce them by details on some points in which we cannot but feel a special degree of interest, inasmuch as they relate to falsifications and calumnies which we had heretofore refuted, but which this performance has obstinately and, we must say, impudently revived.

Lord Holland was fond of literary society, and had a very creditable and not unsuccessful ambition of literary reputation. Of his life of *Lope de Vega* we gave a full and favorable account many years ago (*Q. R.*, vol. 18). The habits of his life and the lively and anecdotal style of his conversation naturally suggested the probability that, in emulation of Horace Walpole, (whose *Memoirs of George II.* he edited,) he also might be found to have left behind him *Memoirs of his own time*; and it would be naturally anticipated that one who had lived so much in the atmosphere of fashion and politics would have a good deal to tell that might be new to the general public, and at all events amusing and interesting from the graces of the narrator. Having been all his life a strong partisan, it might also be expected that whatever he wrote would have a strong political bias; but his manners were so amiable—his personal good-nature and *bonhomie*, indeed, so remarkable—that no one could have suspected that his pen would be found dipped in gall, and, still less, in any worse menstruum. The surmise of the existence of *Memoirs* has, we see, been fulfilled. We learn, indeed, from some notes to the present publication, that it is but a portion of his "*Memoirs*" which Lord Holland left prepared for the press. He had, it seems, bequeathed all his papers to Lady Holland, and she subsequently bequeathed them—with, we believe, the bulk of her personal property—to Lord John Russell. Lord John, with natural delicacy, handed over the papers to the heir of the Holland peerage—but whether by an absolute and legal transfer seems from the sequel doubtful. It must be inferred that Lord John himself conceived that he had still retained some kind of discretionary power over them; since, when the advertisement of this volume came forth, some old intimates of the late Lord Holland expressed to Lord John their apprehension that it might contain something not altogether fit for the general eye, whereupon Lord John conveyed that suggestion to the present Lord Holland, with

CCCLXVII. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXIX. 25

a request, that the work might be submitted before publication to the judgment of some common friends. The book, unluckily, had been already printed off; but after some further correspondence between the two lords and their common friends, three passages, equivalent altogether to about two or three pages of the text, were cancelled, and asterisks substituted (pp. 19, 64, 65, 113, 114). This seems to us by far the most extraordinary part of the whole affair; the truth being that this tardy tribute to decency is so absurdly, and indeed incomprehensibly managed, as to make matters, to our understanding, worse than they could originally have been—for we know not how what has been suppressed can have been so bad as the inferences which must naturally be drawn from what has been left.

We shall exhibit these three strange emendations to the wonder of our readers.

After having stated that Madame Campan had acknowledged that she was privy to more than one adulterous intrigue of Queen Marie-Antoinette's, and, furthermore, that "she confessed that Count Fersen was *tête-à-tête* in the queen's boudoir and bedchamber on the night of the 6th of October, and escaped in a disguise which Madame Campan had herself procured for him"—after this statement three lines are suppressed, and the blank space (p. 19) is sprinkled with asterisks—to replace, it would seem, something more disgraceful to Marie-Antoinette than the accumulated profligacy just recited. We shall examine this charge *historically* by and by; we at present only notice it as one of the delicate suppressions produced by Lord John Russell's interference. The next instance is thus presented:—

The exiled and divorced Queen of Prussia, wife of Frederick William, is much belied if, on the marriage of her daughter with the Duke of York, she did not observe to the chamberlain who announced it, that it was a good match enough for the daughter of *Muller the musician*—

[Here come a page and a quarter of asterisks.]

An education in such a court as Berlin was not likely to produce, and probably did not produce, any great austerity of principle; but the Duchess of York was certainly distinguished through life for the gentleness and frankness of her disposition, &c. &c.—p. 65.

What can have been suppressed worse than that the two contexts reveal—that the Princess Frederica of Prussia was the child of a mean adultery, and that her education probably did not produce any great austerity of principle? And does not the subsequent encomium on her conduct as *Duchess of York*—introduced with a disjunctive "but"—seem intended to convey a most offensive, most cruel, and, we believe, totally calumnious innuendo against an illustrious lady—daughter and sister-in-law of three kings of England, and aunt of our present sovereign—whose memory is still dear to many private friends, and still venerated by public feeling? Lord Holland wrote, he tells us, a complimentary epitaph for her monument; it would

have been better not to have also penned a libel on her early life.

The third instance relates to the marriage of the Prince of the Asturias, (afterwards Ferdinand VII. of Spain,) who is represented as being remarkable for nothing but "a false, cowardly, vindictive disposition," and "a sinister countenance," indicative of his "odious qualities;"—we are then told that

for some months after his marriage it was apprehended that no issue could be expected—

[Here follow two half pages of asterisks.]—

The bride was a pale, sickly, ugly young woman, with a gentle expression of countenance and great propriety of manner. It was not long ere the court suspected, or affected to suspect, the young princess of gallantry; she was more than once confined to her apartment by an order from the King [Charles IV.]—pp. 112, 113.

The reader is thus left to guess at something worse than *gallant* on the part of the princess, and than *odious, base, cowardly*, on that of the prince.

If these suppressions were, as we cannot doubt, dictated by a sense of decency, we are astonished that whoever made them did not see the corresponding necessity of suppressing the adjoining passages, which enhance the defamation and additionally envenom the scandal.

Of the particular mode in which these suppressions were operated, it is said that Lord John Russell and the present Lord Holland are equally innocent. Lord John only suggested in general terms caution and delicacy, and Lord Holland, who was in Italy, is understood to have committed the alteration to other hands. Those other hands were probably much embarrassed by so formidable a task as that of removing from the text all that might appear objectionable on the score of prudence and decorum. The injunction would have been equivalent to that of washing a blackamoor white.

The correspondence on this subject had been circulated amongst the present Lord Holland's friends in a spirit, as it would seem, of complaint against Lord John Russell's interference; but for our own part—waiving the point of legal right, as to which we have no precise information—we should be inclined to say that in Lord John's very peculiar position, his interference was perfectly justifiable on the score of friendship as well as duty; and we think that a more serious and juster complaint against his lordship might be, that having assumed the responsibility of interfering at all, he did not do so more effectually. We have heard that in fact he never saw the work till it was published, but surely, when his suspicion was once excited, he ought to have seen it; and we are sure it must now be a matter of regret to him—both as the friend of the late Lord Holland, and as a confidential servant of the queen's, that he had not—as it is evident he might have done—prevented the promulgation of the wanton scandal on the Duchess of York.

Our literature is abundant in ridicule of the little profit that young English noblemen were supposed to derive from the Grand Tour; but Pope seems especially to have foreshadowed Lord Holland when he describes *dulness* as the ritual companion of their wanderings—

Led by her hand, he sauntered Europe round—

and certainly these *Reminiscences* are one of the most remarkable tributes to the leaden goddess that

the Grand Tour has ever produced. *Dulness* is assuredly its first and most general characteristic, and all its details may be classed under three heads:—things often, and always better, told elsewhere—things so trivial and silly as not to be worth telling—and things that from their falsehood or indecency, or both, it was disgraceful to tell at all.

It appears that Lord Holland visited at various times the capitals of Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, France, Prussia, Austria, Lombardy, Naples, Spain, and Portugal; but from none has he brought home any distinctive or characteristic observation. It would seem at least, as if he had travelled with little other motive than for the indulgence of a senseless and indiscriminate hostility to legitimate kings and queens, and a greedy appetite for all the profligate stories that private malice could invent, and Jacobin rage propagate, against every class of royalty. All kings and princes are knaves or idiots—all queens and princesses shameless prostitutes—one sex fit only for Bedlam or Newgate—the other for Bridewell or the Magdalen. Scandal, gossip and even indecency are too often made palatable by the piquancy and piquancy of the narrator; but here we have no such compensation. The malignity has not the slightest seasoning of wit, nor the inaccuracy any varnish of humor. Lord Holland's volume of *Reminiscences* is quite as dull as Lord Holland's volume of *Protests*, published a few years since, and with this notable aggravation—that those who bought the *Protests* (if any such there were) must have foreknown that they were dull, while the title of *Reminiscences* promised us at least some amusement for our money.

Those who knew Lord Holland expected much: those who had heard afar off of the *noctes canaëque* of Holland House, still more. The first have been mortified, the last disappointed. There is not, we will venture to say, in the whole volume one single fact which any rational man would think worth remembering, nor any single anecdote at which the lightest reader can smile. Gray, in one of his letters, confesses the charm that *proper names* had for him: a taste which the works of his friend Horace Walpole abundantly exemplified and confirmed. Not so the *Reminiscences* of Lord Holland; he has plenty of *proper names*, but we know not by what art it is that these are no more entertaining in his pages than in the Court Guide or the Street Directory; while the interspersed comments and opinions of the noble author himself can be characterized by no higher epithet than *twaddle*.

It will be asked—as we, after the first few pages, began to ask ourselves—how it was that a man esteemed so clever and so amiable could write, and, above all, leave for publication, so stupid and malevolent a work. The logical mode of solving this difficulty would be to deny the premises, and to say that the author of such a book could by no possibility be either good-natured or clever. That, however, would not be true. Lord Holland, generally speaking, was both; but there were topics and times on and at which he was neither—and of these *aspera tempora fandi* this unhappy volume is the product.

Our solution is this: strong, violent, party feeling is not incompatible with great personal good-nature, nor, we need hardly add, with eminent abilities. Nay, these qualities have rather a tendency to inflame the partisan spirit; personal good-nature cements political friendships; quick talents sharpen political hostility. There were, besides,

in Lord Holland's particular case, some circumstances which tended still more decidedly to warp his understanding and to sour his temper on political subjects. He was, we may say, born and bred in the hotbed of opposition. His father died when he was an infant, and, of course, all his youthful admiration and affection were directed towards his celebrated uncle. Mr. Fox himself had been bred in a very different school; both his connections and his personal habits were eminently aristocratical. He began life as a tory, and even a courtier. Before he was sixteen, he obtained the sinecure office of Paymaster of Widows' Pensions, which he held till he resigned it in favor of his brother, afterwards General Fox, who enjoyed it, we believe, to his death. Mr. Fox, who came into Parliament before he was of age, was at first a zealous supporter of Lord North's administration,* and was successively of his Admiralty and Treasury Boards. Being somewhat uncivilly dismissed from the latter, he went into opposition, in which, with the interval of a few months, he passed all the rest of his life. There can be no doubt that his violent antagonism to Lord North on the American question, and his subsequent unprincipled coalition with him, had very highly displeased King George III., and that Mr. Fox, on the dismissal of the coalition, reciprocated the personal aversion to a degree at the least as warm. About this time, too, rose into the ascendant his great rival, Mr. Pitt, with whom for some years he maintained a keen struggle, highly honorable to his talents as an orator, but disheartening to his views as leader of a party, and with no increase of character as a statesman. At last came the French Revolution, and, as the king and his minister naturally looked at that event with apprehension and alarm, Mr. Fox, in the usual spirit of opposition, took the other side, and the native warmth and energy of his temper being further stimulated by his own personal disappointment and resentment, he threw himself headlong into the revolutionary torrent, and became the apologist, sometimes even the advocate, of that party abroad and at home—but more especially of the successive factions in France, which, however otherwise discordant, agreed in the common sentiments of flattery of Fox, animosity to Pitt, and antipathy to England. It was at this epoch of Mr. Fox's career that the mind of Lord Holland became susceptible of its earliest and most lasting impressions. Born in 1773, he was sixteen at the taking of the Bastille, and those who remember the violent and factious course of Mr. Fox's political life from that time to the death of Mr. Pitt, will easily understand the influence that it must have had on the sentiments of his affectionate and admiring nephew. Mr. Horner himself admitted "the fatal influence of the countenance given to the Jacobin party by Mr. Fox." (*Journal*, 1804.) Those impressions afford the least unfavorable, and, probably, the truest explanation of the leading peculiarities of Lord Holland's book. When he went abroad in 1791, the name of Fox was a kind of revolutionary passport, and wherever he went he probably found himself looked upon with suspicion, or at least coolness, by all that were attached to the ancient régime, and caressed, flattered, and *fêlé*, by all the partisans of revolution. What society would he be disposed to frequent—what confidences

* He was at that time so unpopular as an *ultra courtier* as to be caricatured and libelled for his political corruption as well as his prodigal personal habits. See *London Magazine*, 1772, p. 363.

was he likely to receive—but those which might be supposed to be congenial to the nephew of Fox!

His whole subsequent life, however, was passed under the like influences; *scmel imbuta*—his mind retained, it seems, to the last the same odor; and to this predisposition was, in process of time, superadded an admiration for the *Child and Champion of Jacobinism*, which grew at last into an absolute *monomania*. There is not, we believe, a single reminiscence in this work which is not derived from the contagion of Jacobins, Carbonari, or Bonapartists—the successive names which indicated the common principle of hostility to legitimate monarchy, and of course to the policy of *unreformed* England. We are far from saying that this theory excuses what Lord Holland has said and written on such subjects: far from it; but it at least will in some degree explain the otherwise unaccountable paradox how the collector and recorder of such reminiscences could have had a grain of either taste, talent, or good-nature, with all of which he was, by the testimony of those who knew him best, eminently gifted. It may indeed be said of him, as Burnet did of Lord Dorset—"Never was so much ill-nature in a pen as in his joined with so much good nature as was in himself." There was also another circumstance, which, great as its influence on Lord Holland's feelings and on the temper of the society at Holland-house must have been, we very reluctantly allude to, and indeed should not notice even thus slightly, if a recollection of it did not tend to counteract some of the injustice and cruelty of the aspersions on female character which form perhaps the most remarkable, and certainly the most painful, feature of this work.

But whatever grains of allowance we may admit for the peculiarity of Lord Holland's personal position, or with whatever indulgence experience may have taught us to look at the extravagance of party feeling, they never can excuse either deliberate perversions of fact, or even the repetition of misstatements which a moderate exercise of candor and inquiry must have detected. We should exhaust our reader's patience, if we were to endeavor to hunt Lord Holland through all the mazes of his defamatory gossip; we must of necessity limit ourselves to an exhibition of specimens—and shall endeavor to test his credit by examining some of his most important statements, first by the comparison and contrast of his own testimony, and secondly by the help of evidence which happens to be afforded *aliunde*.

I can only vouch—he says *in limine*—for the anecdotes I record, by assuring my readers that I believe them. I repeat them as they were received and understood by me from what appeared a *sufficient authority*.

And yet, when we come to the details, we find that there is hardly one of his *authorities* that he does not, in some way, discredit. For instance—on turning over the very next leaf, we find a note confessing that the very first evidence that he cites—"his excellent friend Dumont"—

was, by his own admission, a *very inobservant* and, by my experience of him, a *very credulous* man.—p. 4.

As if this were not enough, he soon after repeats that—

his excellent friend was often *very credulous* about anecdotes recounted to him, and *liable to mistake* about dates, persons and occasions.—p. 6.

And on the occasion of a subsequent anecdote he reiterates that—

Dumont was always unobservant and often inaccurate.—p. 36.

An "excellent friend" he may have been—a most agreeable companion, we know, he was—but if this account of him were true, he would be assuredly no very "sufficient authority."

The next witness that he quotes, and that on a most important point of the character of Louis XVI., and in contradiction to what everybody else believes, is M. de Calonne (p. 15); but some thirty pages further we find this "sufficient authority" stigmatized for—

a *disregard of truth*, and not unfrequently an ignorance on the subject about which he talked, which seems almost incredible.—p. 44.

Again; he relies on the evidence of Madame Campan, (p. 15), and by and by talks of her as "*disingenuous and concealing the truth*." Again; he relies in one page on the evidence of Madame de Genlis, and in the next accuses her of a falsehood (p. 23). Again; he repeats an anecdote, related to him by Admiral Payne, and at the same moment states—

Admiral Payne, it must be acknowledged, had not the reputation of being very correct in his recital of stories.—p. 26.

Again; he says that the *Chargé d'Affaires* of the Hans Towns at Madrid told him that Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, was so uneducated and ignorant, that—

in the superscription or the body of the notes which he [the *Chargé*] received from the Spanish *Foreign Office*, [while Godoy was at the head of it,] the states he represented were often designated as *Ilas Asiaticas* instead of *Villas Hanseatias*.—p. 135.

Now, if such a mistake had been made by the prince in conversation, or in a private letter, it might prove his ignorance; but the story, as told, would prove nothing but the mistake of some clerk in the office, and its often recurring would be incredible even as to the said clerk; but then comes, as usual, Lord Holland's own antidote to his own story, for he adds that this Hanseatic *Chargé d'Affaires*, on whose authority he tells it, was not the regular minister of those states, but one Andreoli, a Venetian attached to the Austrian legation, "*very ignorant both of history and geography*." Lord Holland, in his wonder at Godoy's ignorance, seems to have forgotten a little of his own geography—that Spain possesses a great insular colony in the Eastern seas—that the *Islas Asiaticas* are as familiar to every Spaniard as the *West India Islands* are to us; and that if any blunder was made, it was more probably by a "*Venetian ignorant of both history and geography*," who perhaps had never heard of the *Philippines*, than by the humblest clerk in the Foreign Office of Madrid.

Another of Lord Holland's witnesses is one M. Gallois, upon whose authority he largely relies for a variety of statements, all extravagantly favorable to Bonaparte, and all so exceedingly apocryphal, that his lordship feels it necessary to vouch for the gentleman's *impartiality* in the following terms:—

I received this remarkable testimony to the character of the imperial government from an *unbiased and unsuspected* quarter; from M. Gallois, who had refused employment under him, and was too sincere

and enlightened a friend of freedom not to *abhor* a system which depended exclusively on the character of an *INDIVIDUAL*.—p. 270.

Will not every reader be astonished to be told that this Gallois, this unbiased witness, this abhorrer of a system depending on the character of an *individual*, was no other than the person selected by Bonaparte to second in the *Tribunal*—where only any opposition was expected—the motion to raise the first consul to the imperial throne, one of the preliminary articles of which motion runs as follows:—

That, under the government of a *single INDIVIDUAL*, France recovered tranquillity at home, and acquired abroad the highest degree of consideration and glory.—*Annual Register*, 1804, p. 222.

—A contradiction, not only in spirit, but, by a curious coincidence, in the *very words* of Lord Holland's character of his witness.

There is, we think, not one of the numerous persons on whose testimony Lord Holland relies, that we could not in the same manner show to be contradicted and discredited either by Lord Holland directly, or (as in the case of Gallois) by facts so notorious, that Lord Holland's suppression of them seems hardly reconcilable with good faith. The samples, however, that we have given are sufficient for our purpose, and will, we hope, satisfy our readers of the strange discrepancies in his lordship's appreciation of his witnesses. But this, at first sight puzzling, inconsistency had a secret motive—namely—most of his witnesses happen to relate here and there some insulated fact, which Lord Holland thinks capable of receiving a defamatory turn—while the great mass of their evidence tends directly and decidedly the other way—as especially in the cases of Madame Campan, Dumont, and Calonne. He therefore quotes and relies on the defamatory item, but endeavors at the same time to discredit the favorable impression which he feels that testimony taken altogether could not fail to produce.

But, to do his lordship justice, he is not much more complimentary to his own evidence, and he makes a confession which is of very essential importance to the credibility of his work. He tells us that he heard from the queen of Charles IV. of Spain, in a private conversation, a very disparaging story of her own family, with the details of which he fills several pages. We shall not dwell on the indelicacy of publishing such a conversation—it needs no comment: but it happened that one of these details was the name of a particular office conferred on Godoy, and on this small point his lordship has the candor to append the following note:—

I think it was High Admiral, or some such title, but I am somewhat unobservant of matters of that sort, and am afraid of discrediting the substance of my narrative by trusting to my *INACCURATE MEMORY* as to form and detail.—p. 123.

This is candid; but it would have been still more so, had the title of the book been *Reminiscences of an Inaccurate Memory*. It would then claim only its proper place on the same shelf with the descriptive tours of Mr. Holman, the Blind Traveller.

Having thus opened to our readers a general view of the temper in which the book was written, and of the kind of evidence on which it relies, it may seem almost superfluous to say anything of its historical value; but the weight that will be

vulgarly given to Lord Holland's name, and the authority that even better informed persons may be disposed to attribute to one who was so long a prominent politician if not a statesman, and for some years a cabinet minister, induce us to afford a few samples of—really the only thing, except personal scandal, that we can discover in the book—the perversion and misrepresentation of every historical fact that he touches.

We shall take first that which stands foremost in his pages, and which we have already noticed in another point of view—the charge made against the personal character of the martyred Queen of France; and we think our readers will excuse our entering into some detail on this interesting and important case, not so much for the purpose of vindicating the queen—that has been already done beyond all doubt or question—but as the most decisive test of Lord Holland's taste, candor, and credibility that could be selected. We must begin by reminding our readers that calumny against the queen was one of the first engines of the Revolution, and supposed, and indeed proved, to have been in a more especial degree part of the machinery expressly organized in the view of transferring the sovereign power to the Duke of Orleans. From the first ruffe of the revolutionary storm she was the object of the most infamous as well as the most extravagant calumnies; and the outrage to nature exhibited at her trial was but the continuation of a series of charges almost as odious, almost as unnatural—equally false, equally impossible. One of these, fortunately the most impossible of all—if there can be degrees of impossibility—Lord Holland does not scruple to revive and record as an historical *reminiscence*, and he does so under circumstances which prove that he must have been utterly careless or incapable of distinguishing truth from falsehood. We really think that Lord Holland's conduct in this matter exhibits one of the strangest and most unaccountable aberrations of an intellect reputed sane that we ever heard of.

The first and most venial fault that we have to find with him in this discreditable affair is, that even if were true, it does not belong to his *reminiscences*, and that he is a mere plagiarist—adopting as his own what, we hope, there is hardly another man in England that would have defiled his fingers with. The story and its refutation had been before the world nearly twenty years prior to Lord Holland's death, in O'Meara's "Napoleon in Exile," and in our number for October, 1822, p. 256. O'Meara says,

Madame Campan (continued Napoleon) had a very indifferent opinion of Marie-Antoinette. She told me that a person well known for his attachment to the queen, [Count de Fersen†] came to see her at Ver-

sailles on the 5th or 6th of October, where he remained all night. The palace was stormed by the populace. Marie-Antoinette fled undressed from her own chamber to that of the king for shelter, and the lover descended from the window. On going to seek the queen in her bedroom, Madame Campan found she was absent; but discovered a pair of breeches which the favorite had left behind in his haste, and which were immediately recognized.—O'Meara, vol. i., p. 122.

Now let us examine Lord Holland's *Reminiscences* of the same story.

He introduces it by the following wonderful preamble:—

Madame Campan was in fact the confidante of Marie-Antoinette's amours. These amours were not numerous, scandalous, or degrading, but they were amours.—p. 18.

Lord Holland, it appears, thought that the adulterous amours of a wife, a mother, and a queen might be neither "*scandalous nor degrading*." We abstain from any comment on this test of his lordship's appreciation of female character. He proceeds, and we are sorry to be obliged to copy such silly slander:—

She [Madame Campan] acknowledged to persons, who acknowledged it to me, that she was privy to the intercourse between the queen and the Duke de Coligny.—p. 16.

If Madame Campan had been vile enough to make such a confession against herself, the very fact would discredit all the rest of her testimony; but why, of the several persons to whom the supposed shameless woman told it, and who repeated it to Lord Holland, does he not name one? He has no scruple in naming the two ladies stigmatized, but he conceals the witnesses, to whom no disgrace would have attached. Now we, who have known many of the persons, and read all the *Mémoires* of the time, and have waded through innumerable libels on the poor queen, had never heard of this charge before; and we believe it to be as absolutely false as we shall now show that concerning Count de Fersen to be. Lord Holland's version of this story is—

Madame Campan confessed a curious fact, namely, that Fersen was in the queen's boudoir or bedchamber tête-à-tête with her majesty on the famous night of the 6th of October. He escaped observation with considerable difficulty in a disguise which she, Madame Campan herself, procured for him. This, M. de Talleyrand, though generally somewhat averse to detailing anecdotes disparaging of the royal family of France, has twice recounted to me, and assured me that he had it from Madame Campan herself.—p. 19.

And after this followed, as we have before stated, two lines of *asterisks*, containing obviously something which Lord Holland's friends thought still worse.

France. His name was probably used on this occasion because he was really very much in the confidence of the king and queen, and eighteen months later had a principal share in the flight at Varennes. If M. de Fersen happened to be on the 5th of October at Versailles, we have no doubt that he, like every other royalist gentleman, was at the chateau all that day and night, to assist in protecting the royal family from outrage. This is the color which Las Cases wishes to represent Bonaparte as having given to the affair; and—if Fersen was then at Versailles—it would certainly be the true one; but we do not doubt that Bonaparte told O'Meara the fabulous story which Lord Holland has produced.

* An article in Fraser's Magazine (Feb., 1851) develops Lord Holland's disingenuous (to say the least of it) mode of fabricating his "*Reminiscences*." The Reverend Blanco White, who was for a year or two tutor to the present lord, published certain letters about Spain, under the ingenious alias of Don Leucadio Doblado. The reviewer shows that from this work—now quite forgotten, though it is the only one of all its author's performances any portion of which deserves remembrance—Lord Holland has plagiarized very many of White's anecdotes, and given them as his own *reminiscences*. Those anecdotes, moreover, are *ex facie* the most worthless parts of White's book; for what could he—a young, and, by his own account, very obscure as well as profligate ecclesiastic—know, of his own knowledge, about the high personages of the Court of Madrid?

† The Count de Fersen, a Swedish nobleman, colonel of the regiment of Royal Suédois, in the service of

We do not stop to observe on the variance between the two stories. In one case Madame Campan is an accomplice in disguising the lover; in the other she does not even see him, but finds the clothes which he had left behind, and which were immediately recognized. This discrepancy would only go to the credibility of Madame Campan, if she were the original narrator, on which it is not worth while to waste a word. We mean to confine ourselves to Lord Holland's adoption and reproduction of the calumny—a calumny on Madame Campan as well as the queen.

Is it not strange that his lordship, writing in 1826, (as appears from his *notes*,) should have taken no notice of the same story published by O'Meara in 1822, and countenanced to a certain extent by Las Cases, (published a little later,) and that, while endeavoring to substantiate Talleyrand's report against the "disingenuous silence of Madame Campan's Memoirs," he does not avail himself of the obvious corroboration which it would receive from Bonaparte's statement that she had made him the same confidence? We think we are here entitled to retaliate on his lordship, and to say that his "silence" also is "disingenuous." But we are constrained to go a step further, and to confess our disbelief that Talleyrand could have told the story as having himself had it from Madame Campan. He may have said that she told it to Bonaparte, who related it to him, and Lord Holland's *inaccurate memory* may have dropped a link in the chain. We suggest this solution, not from being disposed to atter, as Lord Holland does, for Talleyrand's nice veracity, but because he was too well acquainted and, we believe, too much mixed up* with both the secret history and the notorious facts of the 5th of October, to have volunteered any allusion to that very awkward subject, and, above all, to have ventured to commit himself in any way to a story, to the absurdity of which, if the matter came to be inquired into, he must necessarily have been the first witness. But, however that may be, it is utterly impossible that Madame Campan could have told the story as related either by O'Meara or Lord Holland; for she left behind her her own written evidence—and the great *Procédure* or legal inquiry before the *Cour du Châtelet* in 1790 had already established the fact—that *Madame Campan happened not to have been in attendance on the queen on the celebrated day or night of the 5th of October!*—which by another, by no means unimportant, "inaccuracy" Lord Holland calls the 6th of October.

Thus, then, vanishes all of the story that rests on Madame Campan's presence and coöperation in the guilty scene; but that is not all. Even if Madame Campan had chanced to be in attendance that night, the substantial fact of the presence of a lover is in itself *absolutely impossible*. On that point we must take leave to quote part of the indignant exposure which we made of O'Meara's version of this calumny in October, 1822:—

This diabolical story fixes a more indelible disgrace on Bonaparte's character than anything we have ever heard concerning him. This abominable slander of that heroic woman may be placed by the side of the before-unparalleled calumny with which at her trial

* It is a small but not unimportant fact, that on the morning of the 6th, when the Duke of Orleans arrived—a little before 8 A. M.—from Paris at Versailles, to take, we may almost say, command of the mob—at least to countenance and encourage the insurrection—he alighted not at the château—not at his own residence—not even at the National Assembly—but at the *Bishop of Autun's*.

Hébert insulted human nature. If Madame Campan had told Bonaparte this horrible tale, he must have known it to have been false. The scene and the circumstances of the dreadful night between the 5th and the 6th of October are too notorious to leave any doubt how, and where, and with whom the unhappy queen passed every moment of that horrible interval; everybody knows that the palace had been blockaded from an early hour in the evening by fiends, who particularly besieged the apartment of the queen, the female part of the crowd showing the aprons in which they intended, they said, to carry off—why should we pollute our language with such horrors?—*les entrailles de l'Autrichienne, dont elles feroient des cocardes!* The windows of the queen's apartment are about thirty feet from the ground; and it was this very night of horrors that Bonaparte affected to believe the queen had dedicated to an adulterous intrigue! and it was from these windows and into this crowd that he supposed the naked lover to have escaped! No! not in all the obscene and absurd libels of the revolution was there anything so false and so absurd as this. It was reserved for Bonaparte and O'Meara, and it is worthy of them.—*Q. R.*, vol. 28, p. 257.

We at that time little expected to have occasion to reproduce these observations with any reference to such a man as Lord Holland. In addition to the foregoing general statement, we entered into various details, all confirming, what was evident on the first aspect of the case, the impossibility—the material, physical impossibility—of the alleged circumstance. Lord Holland might perhaps say that he was not bound to read, and still less to credit, the *Quarterly Review*; but as he professes to have read the *Memoirs of Madame Campan*, he ought not to have suppressed her assertion that *she had not been in or near the queen's apartment that night*; or, if he chose to disbelieve her, he might have looked into one of the commonest books in almost any French or English library—the report of the evidence taken before the *Châtelet*, and printed by order of the National Assembly—of which we shall, for the more complete satisfaction of our readers, quote a few passages, accounting, by the evidence of the most respectable witnesses, for every moment of the queen's time during the evening and night of the 5th of October. A hundred witnesses prove that from the time, about 5 P. M., that the Parisian mob had surrounded the palace until past two o'clock in the morning, the king, the queen, and Madame Elizabeth were together under the eyes not only of the whole court, but of a vast number of other persons, deputies, officers, ladies, and gentlemen, who from curiosity or loyalty crowded all the apartments of the palace. The Vicomte de la Châtre, (afterwards duke and peer of France and ambassador in England,) 127th, witness, deposes that,

between five and six o'clock in the evening of the 5th, hearing that the mob had besieged the palace, and that the king and the queen were in danger, he thought it his duty to endeavor to reach their majesties. He got in with great difficulty, and found in the king's ante-room, called the *Œil-de-Bœuf*, an enormous crowd; and amongst others, *Madame Neckér, Madame de Staël, Madame de Beauvau, &c.*;—that this crowd was still there as long as he himself remained, which was till half-past twelve at night, when the king desired such of the gentlemen as were deputies to return to the hall of the Assembly with M. Mounier, their president, who had been for a couple of hours with their majesties with a deputation from the Assembly.—*Procédure Criminelle du Châtelet de Paris*.

M. de Frondeville, President of the Parliament of Normandy, a member of the Assembly, 177th witness, deposes,

About eight o'clock in the evening I went to the king's apartment, which, as well as the *Œil-de-Bœuf*, was full of various persons, where I remarked nothing particular, but a deep and general consternation. I remained there about two hours, when I went to the Assembly, but found there a very few of my colleagues lost in a crowd of many hundred men and women of the mob. * * * I then returned immediately to the queen's apartment, where all, except herself, seemed to be in consternation. Several persons arriving successively announced the approach of the army of Paris under Lafayette; the consternation increased; the queen alone showed not the slightest terror, but endeavored to encourage the persons about her. It was now midnight, when some gentlemen came to the door and requested me to step out; their object was to engage me to obtain an order from the queen for the horses in the royal stable to be employed in endeavoring to save the royal family in case of an attack. I undertook to do so, and applied to Madame Elizabeth, who immediately went to speak to the queen, who had gone for a moment into another room. The queen came back and told me: "I consent to give you the order that you ask, but only on this condition, that if the king is in any danger, you will make immediate use of it; but if I only am in danger, you are not to make use of it." By and by, the Parisian army having arrived and occupied the outward posts of the château, the queen went to bed, and I continued wandering about the apartments for a considerable time, when, seeing that all was quiet, I went home, where I remained about two hours, at the end of which, hearing the attack on the château was renewed I hastened back and endeavored to get into the château, but found it impossible to make my way through the crowd, and I was forced to become a spectator of massacres and horrors of such public notoriety that I need not recapitulate them.—*Ibid.*

There is a crowd of other witnesses to the same effect up to the time—about two o'clock in the morning—when the queen retired to her bedchamber, when commences the evidence of her two bedchamber ladies—Madame Thibault, (the 81st witness,) and Madame Augié (104th witness)—to the following effect—that when M. Lafayette had assured their majesties that all was safe for the night, and that his army, occupying all the exterior posts of the château, had quieted the noise and tumult of the mob, the queen, wearied out by the toils and troubles of that eventful day, retired to her bedchamber, where, attended by these two ladies, she undressed and went to bed, desiring them to do the same. They, fortunately, were too much alarmed for their mistress to do so; but, summoning their own *femmes-de-chambre* to join them, the four women kept watch over the queen—sitting down clustered together with their backs against the door of the queen's bedchamber, which had another but private issue to be mentioned presently. In this feverish state they remained for above two hours; but about half-past four in the morning the attack on the palace was renewed. The queen's apartment, especially indicated to the mob by their leaders, was first invaded. The Gardes-du-corps, who most gallantly attempted to defend their respective posts, were overpowered, barbarously wounded, and left for dead. The last, who was stationed at the door of the queen's ante-chamber, M. de Miomandre, had barely time to call to the ladies at the bedchamber door to save the queen! After making for a few moments a des-

perate resistance at the door of the ante-chamber, he fell covered with wounds—but those few moments saved, for that time, the life of the queen! The ladies hastened to her bedside, and hurried her away, with no covering but her night-dress and one petticoat, by a passage that communicated from the ante-room to the king's apartment. While the queen thus sought the king, he, alarmed for her, proceeded to her chamber through a private passage which communicated from his bedchamber to hers, and of which he alone had the key—(what a place for an adulterous intrigue!)—but not finding her, she having passed through the ante-chamber, the king then hurried back to his own apartment, and had there the momentary consolation of finding his wife and children.

Such is the history, hour by hour, of the celebrated evening and night of the fifth of October—published as to all the leading facts in the judicial proceedings of the *Châtelet*—repeated by all the historians—recapitulated (with the addition of a few minor circumstances) in *Madame Campan's Memoirs*, published in 1822! The calumny published by O'Meara in that year was as completely as now refuted by us forthwith; and yet Lord Holland, writing, as appears from his notes, in 1826—correcting his MS. down at least to 1837—and not dying till 1840, has chosen to ignore, as it were, all the preceding evidence, and to leave behind him for a posthumous publication an additionally offensive version of this infamous slander.

What can be said for him?—what for the editor?—what for those who, intrusted with the suppression of any portion of the work, have not thought it necessary to suppress this?

After this great calumny the following misrepresentation may seem trifling; but we think that it shows, even more conclusively, that the *acharnement* against the queen, with which the Jacobins originally infected Lord Holland, had fermented in his head to a virulence which surpassed that of the Jacobins themselves, and had, on the most charitable theory possible, obscured his understanding.

In all the historical relations of the queen's execution, and even in the most ferocious of the contemporary publications, she is represented to have died with courage and dignity. Even this last reluctant tribute to truth Lord Holland cannot bring himself to pay; he could not, indeed, venture to impute to her, in contradiction to the whole world, any visible pusillanimity, but he insidiously describes her tranquillity as the effect, not of courage, but of the excess of fear.

She was *insensible* when led to the scaffold.—p. 20.

And this intimation is so adroitly managed that we have little doubt that Lord Holland, if reproached with it during his life, would have pleaded that he had the most authentic authority for it in the *Moniteur* and other contemporary journals, which had all described her as *insensible*. But what the journals really said was this, that her courage and tranquillity were so great that she even seemed to be *insensible* to the insulting cries of the mob which surrounded the cart that conveyed her slowly to the place of execution. This misrepresentation, at once so sly and so gross, seems to us to weigh so heavily on Lord Holland's character, that we copy the official account of her behavior at her trial and execution, published in the *Moniteur* and the *Journal du Tribunal Révolutionnaire* of the day, and in which his lordship must have found the ex-

pression which he has so uncandidly—unless we in mercy say so stupidly—perverted:—

Pendant son interrogatoire Marie Antoinette a presque toujours conservé une contenance calme et assurée. *** En entendant prononcer son jugement elle n'a laissé paraître aucune marque d'altération. *** Il était quatre heures et demi du matin *** A onze heures Marie Antoinette, veuve Capet, en déshabille piqué blanc, a été conduite au supplice de la même manière que les autres criminels, accompagnée par un prêtre constitutionnel vêtu en laïc. Antoinette, le long de la route [about a mile and a half, which occupied above an hour], paraissait voir avec indifférence la force armée, qui au nombre de plus de 30,000 hommes formait une double haie dans les rues où elle a passé. On n'apercevait sur son visage ni abattement ni fierté; et elle paraissait insensible aux cris de *Vive la République!—A bas la Tyrannie!* qu'elle n'a cessé d'entendre sur son passage. Elle parlait peu au confesseur [he was an apostate priest, whose services she had declined]; les flammes [banners] tricolores occupaient son attention dans les rues. Elle remarquait aussi les inscriptions placées aux frontispices des maisons. Arrivée à la Place de la Révolution, ses regards se sont tournés du côté du Jardin National [the Tuileries]—on apercevait alors sur son visage les signes d'une vive émotion. Elle est montée ensuite sur l'échafaud avec assez de courage—à midi et un quart sa tête est tombée.—*Moniteur*, Oct. 26, 1793.

Again, we ask, what can be said for an English nobleman who thus perverts the scant and reluctant justice paid to that heroic woman even by her murderers into an additional insult!*

We have neither time, nor, we confess, materials

* We beg our reader to turn to a note of this number, ante, where (long before we had seen Lord Holland's book) we made an extract from the MS. diary of the late Mr. George Ellis—very strikingly corroborative of the *vive émotion* and the *assez de courage* stated in the *Moniteur*.

[We copy it here:—

Miss Kavanagh repeats a story connected with the queen's execution, which we believe to be perfectly true. "The men who had not thought the accusations of Hebert too infamous for the queen, conceived the project of degrading her death, by causing her to be judged and to perish between two courtesans confined in the same prison with her. They boasted of their plan till it came to the knowledge of the women concerned in it, who, degraded as they were, felt and resented the intended infamy. They both declared, with the greatest energy, that if the project were carried into effect, they would, even on the scaffold, in the face of the people, fall down at the feet of the queen, and publicly implore her forgiveness for being compelled to die with her. Alarmed at the effect such a scene might produce, the projectors of this infamous plan abandoned it reluctantly."—v. ii., p. 215.

We are tempted to add a short extract from a MS. diary kept by one of the founders of this Review, who accompanied Lord Malmesbury on his mission to the Directory in 1796:—

"Paris, October 23.—This evening had some curious particulars respecting the queen's execution from an eye-witness, [an ex-noble,] who was in the front ranks of the line of soldiers through which she passed. She was unusually pale, but rather from long exclusion from the light than the effect of fear. Her dress white, her behavior composed, her countenance fixed, but the muscles of her forehead singularly agitated and convulsed by the conflict of passions. Some cannoneers, the basest of the populace, took their stand near the narrator, and reviled her as she passed. On her arrival at the scaffold a general order through the line of *Turner la tête à droite!* that she might meet every eye, and that the feelings of the spectators might be suppressed by the fear of awaking the jealousy of their superintendents by any signs of compassion. While the executioners were tying her she said to them hastily, *Dépêchez vous donc*, and mounting the scaffold was dead in an instant."]

to refute Lord Holland as to the many other ladies whose reputations he has assailed. The proof of a negative is in such cases nearly impossible; and it is only by what we may call a providential concurrence of circumstances that the slander against Marie Antoinette has happened to admit of so complete a demolition. But of his other stories, we may say generally that they are full of improbabilities and contradictions; some are monstrous; some unintelligible; and all told in a spirit not merely ungentlemanlike, but unmanly. It is right, however, to give one or two specimens of the slashing style in which he deals with the characters of kings and queens, even when he confesses he knows little about them:—

I know little of Portugal or Portuguese that would have the interest of novelty to English readers. The king [John VI.] and queen, very opposite in principle, character, and conduct, have a natural abhorrence of one another. They, in truth, have nothing in common but a revolting ugliness of person, and a great awkwardness of manner. He is well meaning, but weak and cowardly. *** The queen's outrageous zeal in the cause of despotism, *miscalled legitimacy*, is supposed to have softened his aversion to a representative assembly and a constitutional form of government. The queen is vindictive, ambitious, and selfish, and has strong propensities to every species of intrigue, political or amorous.—p. 162.

Again; Lord Holland says, that "having never been in Russia, and merely passing through Austria in the spring of 1796, their governments and leading men are *equally unknown to him*" (p. 163);—yet he does not hesitate to talk as decidedly of both, and as injuriously of the latter, as of any of the other objects of his aversion; for example, he goes on to say—

It has been the fashion to describe the Emperor Francis II. as a mild and benevolent man, who, without shining parts, had sound notions of justice, and great disposition to exercise it impartially and mercifully. It may be so. But to all appearance, in all relations of life, he has acted like a person of a character directly the reverse. As he received an education unusually philosophical for a prince, his mistakes cannot be ascribed to that ignorance and prejudice which are so often but so strangely urged as palliations of the crimes of royalty.—p. 164.

And then follow two or three pages of an accumulation of the most opprobrious charges against the emperor, not merely as acting through his ministers, but as in a great measure the direct and responsible delinquent. "Illegal," "iniquitous," "mockery of mercy," "unusual and relentless cruelty," "horrid acts of crime," are all charged individually on the emperor, with sundry personal acts of "baseness"—the whole wound up with one of those disgusting and shocking imputations, of which Lord Holland's pen is so fond—namely, that of "having encouraged and even contrived" the adulterous "*infidelities*" of his own daughter, (p. 167.)

The spur of this violent tirade against Francis was not merely Lord Holland's habitual abhorrence of the "crime of royalty," but of the still greater crime, that the Emperor of Austria was reluctant to see the world enslaved by Bonaparte, and to be himself made the tool of his own degradation and destruction. If Francis personally deserves any reproach from the pen of history, it is, that he made too many personal sacrifices for the sake of peace and for the happiness of his people. But even on those

points he may be condoned on the plea of having yielded to irresistible necessity, and, while under that necessity, bent with as little loss of personal character as was possible in a situation so cruel. We happen to have a very different sketch of the emperor's character from the pen of one who—in- stead of knowing nothing of him, like Lord Hol- land—knew him intimately under the most trying and difficult circumstances, and was moreover qual- ified to judge by the experience of a practised statesman :—

There never was a man whose whole conduct was more governed by a sense of duty than the Emperor Francis II. His principles were conscientious and upright, and his feelings most benevolent. His un- bounded popularity amongst all ranks of his subjects, and especially the lower classes, was sufficient to prove the excellence of his character. *Our Father Francis* was the only title by which he was known by the common people, and they felt all that the title conveyed. By the simple rectitude and honesty of his character, without any extraneous advantages, he preserved to the last the respect and deference of his allies, and made the most favorable impression on, as I believe, every foreigner who was in any degree ac- quainted with either his person or his government.

Lord Holland's knowing little of a subject is, we see, no obstacle to his saying a great deal ; but we should like to ask the noble editor what "pleasure" or "profit" (see *Preface*) he thought the public could derive from the promulgation of such Bil- lingsgate ; and did he not know that the royal personages thus stigmatized have left numerous descendants who may probably feel as deeply for the honor of their parents as he does for his own ? Has he thought how many families must be afflicted by such scandals, even though they should feel them to be as false as everybody must admit them to be wantonly cruel ?

It is not surprising that an author so anxious to blacken the character of Marie Antoinette should be desirous of whitewashing her enemies. Of the modesty and force of Lord Holland's defences of *Egalité*, we need give but one sample. It is the apology for his vote—the most infamous single act of his life, or, as we believe, of any other man's who ever lived—his vote for the death of Louis XVI. :—

The Duke of Orleans had at least as much excuse for the vote he gave as the 360 who voted with him ; and those who hold a regicide to be the greatest of possible crimes, have nevertheless no right to select him as the greatest criminal.—p. 33.

What ! He, so near to the king in blood, so close to him in station, so connected with him in all the intercourse of their lives, was no more guilty than one of the many obscure, ignorant, bewildered wretches whose votes were, as we know, extorted from them, in that fatal night of confusion, menace, and terror ! Again ; if there was one of *Egalité*'s accomplices more detestable than another, it is the corrupt, ferocious Danton ; but even for him Lord Holland has a kind of sym- pathy. He could not deny the corruption, but he endeavors to varnish it over, by attributing to the knave high qualities which he never possessed, and dividing the guilt of the undeniable corruption between him and the court, which no doubt did make sacrifices to the cupidity of both Mirabeau and Danton. Lafayette, says Lord Holland, up- braided Danton with the bribe :—

Danton acknowledged the receipt of the money, but called it an indemnity for the place of *avoué*, which he had lost by a decree of the Constituent Assembly.—p. 30.

It is hardly worth remarking, even as another in- stance of Lord Holland's looseness of memory, that Danton was never an *avoué* ; but our readers will, we think, be surprised at the turn that the noble reminiscient attempts to give to this villain's char- acter :—

The fact, however, is, that the more one ascertains of the conduct of Danton, by far the ablest, though the most corrupt, of all the terrorists of 1792, the more ground one finds for suspecting that he had some designs, and even some principle. Though not favorable to monarchy, he would no doubt have pre- ferred, from obvious and personal motives, as many honest men would have done for public and patriotic reasons, an indirect dynasty in the house of Orleans to a direct one in that of Louis XVI. or Louis XVII., as all persons who combine a love of freedom with a sense of the necessity of monarchy must acknowledge that in England a Nassau or a Brunswick was prefer- able to a Stuart.—p. 30.

The plain inference of this distinguished whig is that Danton acted on something of the same principle as Lord Halifax and Lord Somers !— Now, nothing inculcated in the boldest *travestie* of the revolution is more untrue than that Danton had either courage or talents ; his only talent was vo- ciferous impudence while he had a mob to back him ; his only courage was against the feeble ; but when he came to anything like an equal struggle with men of his own class, he was found to have neither. Robespierre—who, himself neither a genius nor a hero, was quite able to crush Danton—described him as *not only corrupt, but incapable and cowardly* ; and the history of his fall and fate attests that for once Robespierre spoke truth.

Another early revolutionist, M. de Talleyrand, is an especial favorite with Lord Holland, who relies on that personage for a great number of his anecdotes, and does not hesitate to vouch in the gravest and strongest terms—*risum teneatis*—for his scrupulous veracity :—yet in the same page in which he professes this surprising faith, he tells us that his model of veracity told a certain story two very different ways. In fact, the last version was, says his lordship,

almost the reverse of that which I had before heard, and recorded, but have now erased.—p. 87.

On this excellent authority Lord Holland intro- duces a petty calumny against Mr. Pitt :—

He [Talleyrand] was for some time *aumonier* to his uncle the Archbishop of Rheims ; and when Mr. Pitt went to that town to learn French, after the peace of 1782, he lodged him in an apartment in the abbey of St. Thierry, where he was then residing with his uncle, and constantly accompanied him for *six weeks* ; a circumstance to which, as I have heard M. Talley- rand remark with some asperity, Mr. Pitt never had the grace to allude, either during his embassy or his emigration, or in 1794, when he refused to recall the court order by which he was sent away from England under the Alien Bill.—p. 35.

In the rare instances in which the mention of time and place affords the means of testing the accuracy of Lord Holland's anecdotes, we have found them invariably and essentially erroneous. So it was with this piece of small spite against Mr. Pitt. In Mr. Pitt's visit to Amiens he happened to be accompanied

by Mr. Wilberforce, who luckily kept a journal of their proceedings; and from this journal we find, first, that they stayed in Rheims, not six weeks, but just three, viz., from the 16th September to the 7th October; secondly, that they were lodged, not at the Abbey of St. Thierry, but at M. Parvoisier's, a *bourgeois* in the town of Rheims. It does not appear that they ever saw M. de Talleyrand at all, or at first knew a soul in the place; but after some days they received civilities from the Abbé Lajéard, secretary to the archbishop, with whom they went to dine twice only, at the Abbaye St. Thierry, about three miles from Rheims—once on the 1st, and again on the 6th, of October—upon both occasions returning to their own lodgings to supper. That on one or both of those two days they may have met M. de Talleyrand at his uncle's table is possible, though Wilberforce makes no mention of him; or it is possible that they may have seen him, by Lajéard's recommendation, in the subsequent fortnight they passed at Paris. If they did, however, it is clear that Talleyrand must have forgotten it; for in June, 1814, he wrote a letter to Mr. Wilberforce, (*Wilberforce Correspondence*, ii. 284,) in which he addresses him as an entire stranger. So vanishes another of those precious anecdotes which the editor thinks may be profitable at the present crisis to the European public.

In looking over Mr. Wilberforce's Journal to verify this point, we have met an anecdote which shows how different was the temper in which Mr. Pitt could speak of his great rival from that which Mr. Fox's nephew shows towards him. When the Abbé de Lajéard expressed his surprise that a person notorious for so irregular a private life could be minister, as Fox then was, of a sober-minded and moral country, Mr. Pitt turned the personal question by a compliment at once generous and just: "*Ah, monsieur, c'est que vous n'avez pas été sous la baguette du magicien!*"—*Life of Wilberforce*, i. 38.

We said at the outset that the main feature of this book, after its scandal, was its dulness; but this is obviously a charge which we could not fully substantiate without becoming, to a degree of which our readers would complain, the author's accomplices. One specimen, however, of what he considers as wit and pleasantry will sufficiently justify our opinion; and it may find a place here, as being another of his lordship's leaden shafts against Mr. Pitt. When visiting Paris during the Consulate he enjoyed the society, among other

worthies, of the Chevalier Azara, many years ambassador at Rome and Paris, and a man of wit, judgment, and sarcasm. * * * He was in the habit of recounting, with great humor, a great variety of anecdotes; and no man was less disposed by temper or opinion to democracy, or to France; but the anti-revolutionary war, and the conduct of the old governments in Europe, and of England in particular, compelled him to become subservient to both. "Your Mr. Pitt," said he to me, in 1802, "resolved, I know not why, that every foreigner should be either a French Jacobin or a monk of the tenth century. I made my choice with some difficulty, and with great concern; and so you see me—a Knight of Malta, a servant of his most Catholic Majesty, ambassador and confidential adviser of his Holiness the Pope, covered with Bourbon orders and titles—you see me, I say here, at the age of sixty and upwards—the Chevalier Azara of Arragon, a French Jacobin! courting an adventurer at the head of the republic, and inviting you to dine at the nuptials of his aide-de-camp, (Duroc;) and all

this is because the minister of a Protestant state and parliamentary king determined that any Catholic or Spaniard, who would not submit to be a fanatic, a bigot, a mere friar, or monk, should be considered an enemy of social order, regular government, religion, and what not!" There was surely much humor in the picture he drew; and there was truth and philosophy in the lesson it conveyed.—p. 144.

What humor there may be in this, we must leave our readers to discover; but as to its truth we may afford them some light. We confess we are not able to explain what Mr. Pitt could have to do with the Chevalier Azara, nor in what way or for what motive he could have proposed to the Chevalier Azara to turn monk—for it does so happen that at the earliest period when we in England could have heard of Azara, he was in the only place in the world in which he could by no possibility have anything to do with Mr. Pitt:—at that epoch, in a word, Azara was Spanish ambassador at Rome—and we need not say that at that epoch no English premier dreamed of sending Lord Privy Seals to the Piazza di Spagna. If, however, Mr. Pitt, by some mysterious agency, contrived to make Azara a French Jacobin, he must have performed the operation very early and very completely; for Azara was at least as early as 1795 so violent a partisan of the French, then invading Italy, as to have become highly suspicious and disagreeable to the Papal court, and in the year following, when the people of Rome committed some violence upon the French embassy, Azara took the most decided part in favor of the French. Instead of dating his courtiership of "the adventurer" from the consulate, we find this Arragonese aristocrat as early as 1797 the acknowledged friend and partisan of Joseph Bonaparte, then the Jacobin minister at Rome; so notorious was his devotion to France, that Thiers records him in that year as the favorite and favored mediator of all the little states of Italy with the French government; and it was in consequence of this attachment to France that he was immediately after rewarded by the embassy to Paris, where he received the most public marks of the satisfaction of the Directory. And this is the man who, in 1803, represents himself as being driven by some mysterious agency of Mr. Pitt's into being a courier of the first consul, who did not attain that station till near two years after Azara's avowed and long-tried Jacobinism had been rewarded with the embassy to Paris. We think that our readers will now be satisfied that the truth of the Arragonese chevalier is on a par with his humor, and Mr. Pitt's share in Azara's perversion to Jacobinism is about as certain as his ingratitude for the six weeks' hospitality of Talleyrand.

As we are on the topic of personal anecdotes, we may notice a labored attempt to insult and depreciate another great champion of the conservative cause in Europe—Prince Metternich:—

That minister, originally a partisan of the French faction, and then a tool of Napoleon's, has, no doubt, since the fall of that GREAT PRINCE supported the system which succeeded him.—p. 168.

We pause for a moment on this, which Lord Holland states, on his own authority, as a matter of fact. His lordship obviously means to imply that the "tool of Napoleon" ungenerously ceased to be so on his reverse of fortune—a silly calumny; for all the world knows that no diplomatist in Europe had so large and so conspicuous a share in preparing that fall, and that Bonaparte had long distrusted and disliked Metternich as one more

likely to dupe him than to be duped. In 1808, says Capefigue,

Napoleon thought himself the *dupe of Metternich*, and angrily dismissed him from Paris, commanding Fouché, the minister of police, to cause him to be seized and marched from one military station to the other until he reached the frontier.—*Hommes d'Etats*.

The *Biographie des Contemporains*, a respectable French work—after stating Metternich's highly noble descent, and his early initiation in the diplomatic service of Austria, to which house and government he remained unwaveringly devoted—says:—

He was appointed successively to the embassies of Berlin and Paris, where, over a deep observation of mankind and a diligent discharge of his duties, he spread a veil of fashionable gaiety and even dissipation. This mode of life had for him the immense advantage of shielding him from the vigilance (*de le soustraire de l'œil perçant*) of Napoleon, who, if he had penetrated his superior ability, would have, no doubt, neglected nothing, either to attach the young diplomatist to his interest, or to disgrace him in the opinion of his own court. But who could foresee the future savior of the Austrian monarchy in a dandy who seemed more ambitious of the good graces of the ladies than the esteem and confidence of the great man towards whom all the other superiorities of Europe were then converging? * * * * * At last, when Austria began to show her real intentions, Napoleon burst into loud complaints at the duplicity of the Austrian cabinet, and when M. de Metternich presented himself at the court of the Tuileries, the emperor, not doubting that he was an accomplice in the perfidy of his cabinet, apostrophized him before the whole corps diplomatique with the gross charge of being *bribed by England*. M. de Metternich blushed red at the insult, but commanded himself, and withdrew in silent indignation. Napoleon forbade his receiving his passports in the usual way, but ordered him to be conveyed beyond the frontier under the indignity of an escort.—*Biog. des Contemp.*, art. *Metternich*.

It seems, if we can believe Baron Fain, that Bonaparte repeated this same insult in a long and stormy interview between him and M. de Metternich in 1813, on the rupture of the armistice at Dresden—when the prince again treated it with contemptuous but visible indignation. Fain, who appears to have watched the conference from an adjoining cabinet, says that the two disputants paced, hastily and angrily but in silence, up and down the apartment, and that Napoleon *happened* to let his hat fall, evidently expecting the prince to pick it up for him, as he would have formerly done, and that this might afford an opening for a more amicable renewal of the conversation; but Metternich took no notice of it, and, after several still silent turns in the room, Bonaparte had the mortification of being obliged to pick it up himself. (*Fain, MS. de 1813. ii. 42.*)

This is the statesman whom Lord Holland, speaking in his own person, represents as “a *tool* of Bonaparte,” and infers that he was so up to his fall. Of the prince's talents and manners Lord Holland forms an estimate equally at variance with that of the French biographer, and, indeed, of all the rest of mankind:—

* If our readers should need any further refutation of Lord Holland's estimate of Prince Metternich's talents as a statesman, and more specimens of the involuntary compliments paid to him by Bonaparte, they may turn to

He appeared to me, in the very short intercourse I had with him, little superior to the *common run of continental politicians and courtiers*. * * * * * His manners are reckoned insinuating. In my slight acquaintance with him in London, I was not struck with them; they seemed such as might have been expected from a German who had studied French vivacity in the fashionable novel of the day. I saw little of a sagacious and observant statesman, or of a courtier accustomed to very refined and enlightened society.—p. 169.

Without stopping to inquire what may be the scale of merit indicated by the elegant expression “*common run of continental politicians and courtiers*,” we may at least say that these are rather hazardous judgments to be formed on a “*very short intercourse*” and “*slight acquaintance*,” but they are something worse if Lord Holland had never met Prince Metternich except in the private society of common friends, and *once at his own table*. If, at the first interview in which Lord Holland was presented to the prince, his lordship had formed an opinion of him so low and so different from the rest of the world, we are surprised that he should have offered him the hospitalities of Holland House; but having taken that opportunity of making a closer inspection, it is incomprehensible to us that any observations made under such circumstances should have been not only registered but left for publication, and should now be actually published during the lifetime of the unconscious victim of that insidious hospitality. We can only say that it is not unreasonable to suspect that the prince's characteristic sagacity was as much alive at that dinner as on greater occasions, that he saw something not altogether satisfactory in his company, and that the cold civility of his refusal to undergo a second experiment may have somewhat contributed to the unfavorable judgment of the Amphitryon.

But all these are only episodes in Lord Holland's first and main design—the glorification of Bonaparte. Of his extravagant admiration of “*that great prince*,” the motives were manifold and tolerably obvious, though none of them, in our judgment, altogether defensible, nor even creditable. The first and strongest probably was, as we have before stated, that he was the child and champion of Jacobinism. Whilst he lived he was, as we then said—

The cynosure of jaundiced eyes. And, however all the various classes and shades of turbulence throughout Europe may differ amongst themselves, and however certainly their differences would burst out into mutual violence, yet—for a season, and to overturn their common enemies—good order, legitimacy, and religion—they would cordially and unanimously unite under the tri-colored banner of Bonaparte.

It was this feeling that produced the otherwise unaccountable phenomenon, that the most strenuous, the most violent professors of ultra-liberal sentiments became all at once the admirers and advocates of the most absolute and extensive despotism that ever had enchained the western world.

Baron Fain's account of the negotiations conducted personally between Napoleon and Prince Metternich previous to the battle of Leipsic. Though of course the emperor's private secretary is not over partial to his antagonist, his report shows that Napoleon had formed a notion of Metternich's authority and ability very different from that of Lord Holland.

Lord Holland's *engouement* commenced as early as the consulate; in the first instance probably from the civilities which were interchanged between his uncle and Bonaparte; but also perhaps from a little personal gratitude, as the consular court of the Tuileries was, as far as we can collect from these reminiscences, the only court at which Lord and Lady Holland ever appeared. Our readers will recollect, not with much approbation, the many speeches and protests in which Lord Holland stigmatized all the proceedings of his own country towards the prisoner of St. Helena; and having, as Shakspeare says, made a truant of his memory, by repeating the falsehoods suggested to his willing credulity by Bonaparte and his followers, he here renews all these refuted slanders, and dedicates, as it seems, the last exercise of his pen to the Sisyphean task of rehabilitating the memory of that *great prince* in the opinion of mankind.

If, in pursuing this object, he had confined himself to an apology for Bonaparte, to a modest extenuation of crimes not to be denied, and to the exaltation of whatever personal merits his partiality might discover, we might possibly have admired his ingenuity and applauded his gratitude. But when he has pursued this object much less by throwing any favorable light upon Bonaparte's character than by endeavoring to render odious all the opponents of his power, and all the victims of his injustice, we have felt it to be our duty to expose both the indefensible motive and the still more indefensible means by which he tries to attain it. If he has disgusted us by such unmanly and, for the most part, we believe, unfounded attacks on the royal families of France, of Prussia, of Austria, of Portugal, of Naples, and of Spain, it is only in imitation of the grand calumniator himself, and with the vain hope of excusing his innumerable acts of perfidy, violence, and oppression against those illustrious houses. This bias is evident, not only in what his book tells, but in what it conceals; and we must be permitted to add that if mere abhorrence of vulgarity, corruption, vice, and crime in high places had prompted his pen, it was not in the legitimate courts of Europe alone that he might have found objects of his virtuous indignation. We touch this point as lightly as we can, but it is too important to a just appreciation of the historical value of Lord Holland's work to be wholly omitted.

We cannot pretend to follow his lordship through his laborious advocacy of Bonaparte's character; indeed, we have in former numbers of this Review anticipated all that would be necessary to say on that subject. We must on this occasion content ourselves with selecting a few further specimens of the confidence to which Lord Holland's representations are entitled, even in some instances in which he proffers his personal evidence.

By way of excusing Napoleon's breach of the treaty of Fontainebleau, by his return from Elba, which was the cause and is the justification of any restrictions to which he was afterwards subjected, Lord Holland states that prior to that event a "base design" of transporting him to St. Helena was entertained at the congress of Vienna—

an idea inconsistent with honor and good faith * * * any well-grounded suspicion of which was surely sufficient to release the exiled emperor from the obligation of his treaty and abdication of Fontainebleau, and to justify his attempt to recover the empire he had so recently lost.—p. 197.

And on this important point, one of the most important certainly of Bonaparte's history, his lordship adds the following note:—

I stated this fact in the House of Lords, in the debate on the treatment of General Bonaparte, and I was not contradicted.—p. 196.

The italics are Lord Holland's. Now we also remember that debate, and we could readily have taken upon ourselves the responsibility of asserting that he *was contradicted*—but we shall produce evidence more decisive than either Lord Holland's Reminiscences or our own—Hansard's report of the debate, 18th of March, 1817. Lord Bathurst said,

that before he followed Lord Holland into some of the details of his speech as to the treatment of Bonaparte, he would mention his lordship's statement that St. Helena had been mentioned at the congress of Vienna as a place to which Bonaparte might be removed from Elba. This was really one of those rumors from foreigners to which the noble lord lent too ready an ear.—

Lord Holland.—I have not received this information from foreigners alone!

Earl Bathurst.—It was of no consequence whence the information came. *It was altogether groundless.* There was no mention at the congress of such a proposition.—Hansard, Vol. xxxv., p. 1157.

Well may poor Lord Holland have complained of his *inaccurate memory*, when we find it thus falsifying so important and so public an incident, in which he himself was so principal a party. As to the main fact we could, if it were not superfluous, produce the evidence of members of the Congress of Vienna still living to the same effect as Lord Bathurst's; but it may be worth while to notice another effort of Lord Holland's in support of his own—still *un-named*—original informant:—

In confirmation of *so base a design* having been entertained, it is observable that a negotiation with the East India Company to place St. Helena under the control of government, with no other probable or ostensible object for such a measure, was *actually commenced in March, 1815, and discontinued on the landing of Napoleon in that month.*—p. 197.

For which assertion his lordship subjoins the following authority:—

From Admiral Fleming, nephew of the East India Director, Elphinston, both men of honor, veracity, and intelligence.

We neither know nor care what Mr. Elphinston's nephew may have told Lord Holland; but believing, with his lordship, that Mr. Elphinston was a man of honor, we are confident that he could not have betrayed to any one a secret confided to him in his official capacity. Moreover, it is hardly possible that such a negotiation for that *base design* could have been "*actually commenced in March, 1815, and discontinued on Bonaparte's landing,*" seeing that Bonaparte landed from Elba on the 1st of March. But we can go a step further, and can venture to assert that no trace is to be found, either in the archives of the Board of Control or of the secret department of the India House, of this proposal, which must have been either a vision of Admiral Fleming's, or, as we think still more probable, another hallucination of Lord Holland's *inaccurate memory*.

Again; his lordship, to enhance the early magnanimity of Bonaparte's character, asserts that at

the peace of Campo-Formio the Austrians offered him a principality in Germany, which he declined. His lordship adds:—

I had this fact from *Murveltdt*, who negotiated this treaty with him.—p. 242.

M. de *Meerfeldt*—who, we suppose, is the person meant—was one of two or three subordinate ministers attached to Count Cobentzel in that negotiation; but we could produce many argumentative reasons to prove that M. de *Meerfeldt* could not have told such a story. It will be quite sufficient to quote the direct and conclusive evidence of the parties principally interested, which explains what M. de *Meerfeldt* may have said. *Bourrienne*, who was private secretary to Bonaparte at Campo-Formio, tells us, (*Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 302,) that M. de Gallo, another of the Austrian negotiators, offered him—*Bourrienne*—a title and estate in Germany as the price of his putting the Austrians in possession of the French *ultimatum*—an offer which *Bourrienne* says he rejected and reported to his principal; and this, no doubt, is the fact which Lord Holland's *inaccurate memory* has disfigured into an offer of a principality to Bonaparte himself.

Now let us call up another of his witnesses. One small item of his long and labored efforts to not palliate only, but justify, Bonaparte's aggression in Spain, is, that Charles IV. "conveyed his thanks to Murat" for his intervention against the king's abdication in favor of Prince Ferdinand. We hardly know to what degree of perplexity and humiliation the intrigues and violence of the French may have reduced the poor king, but that he should have thanked Murat seems so incredible, that Lord Holland thinks it necessary to produce his authority:—

Count Mosbourg, the confidential friend of Murat, a clear-headed and accurate man.—p. 133.

Now what is this evidence worth? Even if we had a perfect confidence in M. de Mosbourg's accuracy, it would not follow that we should have the same in Murat's. Any one who will take the trouble to look into Murat's life as traced even by the most partial of his biographers, Leonard Gallois, will be satisfied that there is not any actor on the whole scene, except Bonaparte himself, whose veracity was less rigid than that of Murat; but as to M. de Mosbourg himself, we confess that the little we know of him inspires no great confidence in any exculpation of Murat, for we happen to have a letter from this gentleman to Murat intercepted by the allies in the Leipsic campaign, which shows him to have been one of the most time-serving of courtiers and unscrupulous of flatterers; and it is evident from his letter that Murat himself had no great confidence in the accuracy of Mosbourg's memory.

We have already noticed how his lordship contrives to discredit his own witnesses when they say anything against his own views; but sometimes, when his witness is one on whom he can throw no convenient imputation, he adopts the scrap of the evidence that suits him, and boldly suppresses all the rest, even though it absolutely contradicts some of his assertions; for instance, when Lord Ebrington's *Memorandum* of his intercourse with Bonaparte at Elba happens to contain something that Lord Holland thinks favorable to the great man, he calls it

one of the happiest and most authentic representations of the spirit, character, and interest of his conversation—(p. 300)—

and relies on it accordingly. But on less satisfactory topics he treats its evidence as if it never existed:—thus, contrasting Bonaparte's judicious management of his civil list with that of other sovereigns, Lord Holland writes:—

The great things he accomplished and the savings he made, without even the imputation of avarice, with the sum, comparatively inconsiderable, of fifteen millions of francs a year, (600,000*l.*), are marvellous, and expose his successors and indeed all European princes to the reproach of negligence or incapacity.—p. 212.

Now Bonaparte himself told Lord Ebrington a very different story. To him he said that

"his civil-list income was thirty millions of francs"—[1,200,000*l.*—just double Lord Holland's figure.] "but the expenditure seldom exceeded 18,000,000 francs" [720,000*l.*]:—but he added that "he had besides at his disposal the *Domaines Extraordinaires*, a fund of 200,000,000 francs, [8,000,000*l.*], out of which he made presents and rewarded those who distinguished themselves." To Lord Ebrington's question "whence it came," he answered, "from the contributions of my enemies. *Austria paid me for her two peaces* 300,000,000 francs [12,000,000*l.*] and Prussia equally enormously." (*Ebrington's Memorandum*, p. 10.)

And that this double misrepresentation—this *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*—was not a mere inadvertence, is shown by Lord Holland's quoting (for another purpose) the very next sentence to those we have just copied.

This subject is connected with another of Lord Holland's bold attempts to rescue all the glories of the empire from the ill opinions which the rest of the world have hitherto had of them. One of those unfavorable notions was, that the whole system was one of plunder and corruption—that Bonaparte's great functionaries were very far from being scrupulous as to the means of enriching themselves, and that all that their master required was, that none of those abuses should be attempted in France. His own confession as to the enormity of his depredations "on the enemy," indicates sufficiently what the conduct of subordinates was in their various gradations. But Lord Holland—with an inconsistency to which, like all other too eager advocates of a hollow cause, he is habitually liable—at once denounces this imputation as a *detraction*, and in the next line amply justifies its truth:—

The fortunes of Napoleon's ministers and marshals have been in like manner grossly exaggerated by his detractors. Some turned out small after their death, and the largest were derived almost exclusively from foreign plunder or foreign servility.—p. 284.

In plain English, robbery and bribery. What more or worse could detractors say? And, indeed, how else are scandalous fortunes to be made?

This distinct confession of a fact of which his lordship admits that the very insinuation would be *detraction*, becomes almost comic when we find him turning short round and charging the victims with being worse than accomplices in their own spoliation:—

The princes of the continent furthered, or hoped to further, their selfish designs by presents, bribes, and flattery to the ministers and favorites of that man,

whom they have since spoken of as an upstart and usurper unfit to be admitted into their princely society! He possibly *connived at the practice*. He most justly and cordially despised the pusillanimous creatures who resorted to it. He sometimes treated them with rudeness and insolence. He on one occasion dined with his hat on, when three kings and several sovereign princes sat uncovered at table.—p. 285.

And then he proceeds to give other and even stronger instances of the same brutal arrogance. This foible of his hero, however, somewhat embarrasses the panegyrist. On the one hand, he half admires it as a proof of that innate supremacy which even from his dawn marked out the ascendancy of that "*great prince*" over all the rest of mankind; but, on the other, his lordship's contempt for kings and queens excites some degree of wonder that so superior a being should stoop to imitate the ridiculous and degrading habits and etiquettes of such "*creatures*." He solves this difficulty by his usual formula. Anything done by any usurper—Joseph—Joachim—or, above all, Napoleon—is noble and dignified; but the same thing, when he sees, or fancies he sees, it at a legitimate court, is odious and despicable.

The same kind of perplexity on Bonaparte's pertinacious and, in its details, childish struggles to mount his imperial stilts at St. Helena, runs through a considerable portion of the volume, and is similarly solved. Lord Holland is rather at a loss how to excuse this apparently puerile pretension—in which however the noble lord was himself an active accomplice. He gives us indeed to understand that he would have been better pleased if Bonaparte had shown a more decided contempt for all that savored of royalty, and had, of his own mere motion and sovereign pleasure, waived his incontestable right to be recognized as emperor; but, for the presumption of our ministry in refusing their concurrence when the great man condescended to desire it, he has no softer terms than

pitiful, narrow-minded *malignity*, disgraceful alike to the government and its agents.—p. 309.

The most calumnious stories and the most puerile tricks were concocted and practised at St. Helena, and published throughout Europe, in a constant succession of libels, (not without some countenance from Lord Holland,) in the vain hope that public opinion might be so far misled as to force our government to abate its vigilance. But even for its ostensible object of exciting public sympathy this pretension was and remains, in spite of all Lord Holland's efforts, a complete failure; or, to use Bonaparte's own illustration, what he meant for sublime dwindled into the ridiculous—

Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,
Proiecit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba—
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ!

We know not whether Lord Holland was really so blinded by prejudice as not to see—what every other man in Europe of all parties saw and felt—that, although there would be naturally something of personal vanity and pique in Bonaparte's reluctance to lose his imperial style, this was, even with him, a very secondary consideration. Bonaparte's most serious object was to keep alive his usurped dignity, not merely for parade, but for future mischief; and events have proved what common sense foresaw, that the imperial title was the lever, the *πῶλον στῶν*, by which the Archimedes of Revolution

hoped to disturb the world. We need say no more of the various shifts and tricks and false pretences that Bonaparte employed to free himself from the restraints which his own faithless and incorrigible ambition had rendered necessary. We formerly exposed them in our articles on O'Meara and Santini. There was then some danger in leaving them undetected and unrefuted. Lord Holland's *crambe recoccta* can now do no harm but to his own reputation—and there we leave it!

But—weary as we are of wading through this chaos of misrepresentations—we cannot omit to notice the art with which Lord Holland endeavors to disguise, extenuate, nay, justify facts which are the greatest, and, in spite of his lordship's sophistry, will be most indelible stains on Bonaparte's character. Even for these offences, too notorious to be denied, his lordship has always *des circonstances atténuantes*. He carries his principle through the whole apology. If forced to confess the vulgarity and intemperance of Bonaparte's bearing and talk, he is glad to discover that good authorities consider them as indications of real good manners and good nature. "Josephine," it seems, "thought his harshness was only a mode of preventing appeals which his *natural kindness* would be unable to resist." Others concurred in assuring his lordship that

the unmannerly speeches were the result of system rather than temper—adopted to disconcert designs and to repress importunity; and that his so much dreaded bursts of passion were the cloak of an *easy and good-humored*, not the ebullitions of a hasty or an ungovernable disposition.—p. 224.

To be sure his lordship has the candor to add,

that many will think he acted his part too well, and habit too often becomes second nature.—*Id.*

But these are trifles. The "*great prince*" was, in truth, a model of forbearance, placability, and humanity:—

Successful ambition has rarely been so free from the reproach of ingratitude or revenge. Napoleon not only never forgot a favor, but, unlike most ambitious characters, never allowed subsequent injuries to cancel his recollection of services.—p. 232.

In answer to this—may we not say?—audacious eulogy, we could produce a volume of undisputed facts. We will content ourselves with two sufficiently decisive. When Lord Holland acquits his hero of ingratitude, does his lordship forget that he himself elsewhere confesses that to *Barras* Bonaparte was indebted for his rapid ascent to that power which enabled him to overthrow his benefactor, and subsequently to persecute him with insult and exile? And as to revenge, had Lord Holland never heard of the murder of Palm, the German bookseller—no subject of France, and whose only crime was the publication, in his own language and his own neutral town, of a pamphlet at which Bonaparte in the insolence of his triumph over Germany chose to take personal offence? But Lord Holland even ventures to insinuate that he was in these respects superior to Washington. To Washington! Yes—

The instances of his love of vengeance are very few; they are generally of an insolent rather than of a sanguinary character * * * not of a dye to affect his humanity. Of what man, possessed of such extended yet disputed authority, can so much be said? Of Washington? * * * But Washington, if he ever had equal provocation and motives for revenge, certainly

never possessed such power to gratify it. His glory, greater in truth than that of Caesar, Cromwell, or Bonaparte, was, that he disdained such power. He never had it, and cannot therefore deserve immoderate praise for not exerting what he did not possess. In the affair of General Lee he did not, if I recollect, show much inclination to forgive.—p. 265.

Again; Lord Holland tells us that his wife Josephine would say of him,

that he never could withstand tears, and, least of all, the tears of a woman.—p. 223.

And this assertion, for which he gives no authority, and which we entirely disbelieve, is introduced almost into the same page in which he relates that the tears and even agonies of grief of the said Josephine had no effect whatsoever in the two cases in which they ought to have had the most—namely, her own divorce and the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. Of the palliative and hesitating style of the several pages in which Lord Holland treats the latter—the worst of all Bonaparte's sins—the following extracts may serve as a specimen:—

The unprovoked sacrifice of a man whom position and birth alone made an enemy, and against whom no crime was even alleged, will and ought to remain a blot upon his memory. Future disclosures may soften the dye, but none that I can conjecture can entirely efface the stain which that guilt has left on his government.—p. 228.

—not on him, observe, but on his government!—To this hint that the dye of that most wanton as well as most barbarous murder may be softened, Lord Holland adds a yet bolder attempt at extenuation:—

The terror inspired by the death of a Bourbon prince enabled Napoleon to spare many conspirators of that party who had forfeited their lives to the law.

Miserable sophistry! If the fact were true, would it much help Bonaparte's character that his *Moloch-mercy* could only be propitiated by the previous and unprovoked sacrifice of a confessedly innocent victim? But no task could be easier than to prove that the degree of mercy thus shown was exceeding small, and that in some of the cases alluded to by Lord Holland it was not exercised at all. In the same style, and indeed even less candidly—because in contradiction to some of the hero's own evidence—his lordship deals with the poisoning the sick at Jaffa, and the massacre of the Cheiks in Egypt. On this last atrocity his mode of defending Bonaparte even against his own confession of the crime is really *too bad*. Of these poor priests

he executed sixty without delay, and surprised their comrades, who came to intercede for them next day, with the sad intelligence that they had all perished over night. He [Bonaparte] related this story with an indifference and even a gayety many years after, at Elba, that seemed very unfeeling; and though he carelessly observed that he did it to show that *sa manière de gouverner n'était pas molle*, he neglected to relate the circumstances which accounted for, and in some sort justified, his extraordinary severity to what he called *les abbés de ce pays-là*.—p. 250.

In short, Lord Holland in some sort justifies atrocities which Bonaparte himself could not defend. We could readily show that these apologies are a tissue of misrepresentations; but we abstain from those historical details, our only object being to exhibit a general view of the fallacies, and, what

we believe to be, in everything relating to Bonaparte, the bad faith of Lord Holland's Reminiscences.

We have been induced to examine this work at greater length than it intrinsically deserves, not entirely on its own account, for we think that the first few pages of our article, coming after the shorter reviews to which we have already referred, would have amply sufficed to discredit and indeed to demolish it; but we perceive, as we have already said, by the notes of this publication, that Lord Holland left behind him voluminous Memoirs—treating, as we presume, of domestic policy and affairs in his own times. We know not when these volumes may be destined to see the light, but we can have no doubt that they will be found to be, in all essential respects, *ejusdem farinae* as that now before us—and we have therefore been the more anxious to record our protest against the claims of the writer to confidence on any subject, either personal or historical, where his testimony was liable to the influences of party prejudice. If as to foreign topics, on which men are in the habit of looking with a cooler and fairer judgment, we see Lord Holland carried away to such extremes of partiality, what may we not expect from the warmth and blindness of his zeal when he comes to the scenes in which he took so personal a share and so hot an interest? Such matters will every day become less susceptible of a full examination; there may be few or no surviving witnesses; and the adverse evidence, which in this case we derive from foreign memoirs, may be wanting. We have therefore thought it necessary to explain the reasons on which we venture to think that Lord Holland's personal evidence as to domestic affairs will be liable to great suspicion, and should be, as it were, *cross-examined* by all the tests that these Foreign Reminiscences may supply.

P. S. Since the first pages of this article were printed off, we have received a New York edition and an American review of this unfortunate work. The sheets of the London impression had, it turns out, been despatched across the Atlantic before the *cancels* and *suppressions* had been made. The New York volume has accordingly enabled us to pronounce the omitted passages, one and all, in the highest degree detestable and disgusting. We are glad that our own public has escaped the additional filth and stupidity of those passages—which we hope no English press will ever be tempted to reproduce:—they are, however, very sure to be adopted by the pirates of Brussels and Paris. We must not suppress the conclusion which the republican critic in the "*Literary World*" derives from Lord Holland's having, as he says, "destroyed the illusion of royalty, and shown us kings and queens and courts as they are."

What are the kings, queens, and royal princes of whom Lord Holland writes? Not, as we might innocently suppose, no better and no worse than other people are—but infinitely, outrageously worse. Lord Holland coolly records, as if it was a matter of course, gross vices, and deadly, unnatural sins, as of habitual commission by kings, queens, and princes—such vices and such sins as we might search the dark chronicles of our prison-houses in vain to equal. At this remote distance, contemplating monarchy with this book for a commentary, and with no belief in the perfection of political institutions anywhere, we may dwell with complacency upon our citizenship of this Republic.

All the sanctity of holy alliances, and all the *afflatus* breathed by the *divine right* of kings, could not save a nation from being stifled by the impure atmosphere generated in the corruption of such courts as are here described by Lord Holland.

It is some satisfaction to us to hope that our examination of this work may incline our transatlantic friends to pause before they find a verdict on the evidence of such witnesses as Lord Holland and his allies. We unhappily cannot deny that the volume is throughout revolting and disgraceful; but we trust that the indignation it must everywhere excite will, even in the New World, fall on the real culprits, and not on their—as we conscientiously believe—grossly injured victims.

From the Literary World.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER OF WILLIAM PINKNEY.

In 1796 William Pinkney was selected by President Washington as one of the Commissioners on the part of the United States, under the 7th article of Mr. Jay's treaty with Great Britain, to settle the claims for British spoiliations. Christopher Gore, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts, was the other American commissioner. Dr. John Nicholl and Dr. John Anstey were the British commissioners; and the fifth (appointed by lot) was Colonel John Trumbull. Mr. Pinkney arrived in London in July, 1796, and remained in England until 1804, (August,) when he resumed his professional pursuits in Maryland. The criticism in the following letter is peculiarly interesting. "The precise and analytic pronunciation" of Pitt would naturally sound strangely in the ears of any but a New Englander, as, throughout the South, and to some extent in the middle States, the habit prevails of "clipping" words—sacrificing distinctness of speech for a doubtful euphony.

London, 9th February, 1797.

MY DEAR SIR:—I thank you for requesting to hear from me, but did not intend to wait for such a request. I wished to feel a little at home before I troubled you with a letter, and a stranger in London continues a stranger for some time. I find it difficult even now to accommodate myself to a world in all respects new to me. My habits were at variance with a London life; and habits contracted at an early period, and long cherished, are stubborn things. I have, however, made a virtue of necessity, and struggled with considerable industry to like what I must submit to, whether I like it or not. Still I cannot look back upon my own country without strong regrets. Absence has consecrated and swelled into importance the veriest trifles I have left behind me. You have doubtless experienced this enthusiastic retrospect, and know with what soft and mellow coloring imagination paints the past in a situation like mine, and how the visionary picture indisposes one to the scenes of the moment.

Upon the whole, however, (when I can keep down the picture-drawing propensity,) I manage better than I expected. I have found here those whom it would be want of liberality not to esteem. I have much to amuse and more to instruct me.

Our circle of acquaintance is a pleasant one, and as extensive as we wish it; and if I did not find some friends, too, in such a place as London, I

should be afraid that I did not deserve any. In short, my time passes agreeably, though not so happily as in Maryland. My fancy is more amused, and my understanding more widely occupied, but the heart is not so much interested.

It is the misfortune of almost all travellers that they set out with expectations so extravagant that their gratification is absolutely impossible. This was in a great measure my case, and the consequence has been frequent disappointment.

I presume it is to be attributed to my too sanguine anticipation that I have seen Mrs. Siddons in her most favorite characters without emotion or approbation; that I have heard Mr. Fox on the most interesting and weighty subjects without discovering that he is an orator; that I have heard Mr. Grey on the same occasions without thinking him above mediocrity; in short, that I have seen and heard much that I was told I should admire, without admiring it at all. Mr. Pitt, indeed, has not disappointed me. He is truly a wonderful man. I never heard so clear and masterly a reasoner, or a more effectual declaimer. They have all one fault, however; they do not understand the power which may be given to the human voice by tones and modulation.

In consequence of our public character, you and myself are allowed to sit under the gallery of the House of Commons—a privilege of which you will suppose I do not omit to avail myself. I could sit there forever to listen to Mr. Pitt. In argument he is beyond example correct and perspicuous, and in declamation energetic and commanding. His style might serve as a model of classic elegance, and has no defect, unless it be that it is sometimes overloaded with parenthesis. You have seen and heard him, and therefore need not be told that his manner is against him. His voice is full and impressive, and his articulation unusually distinct. I thought at first that his pronunciation was too precise and analytic. It is, in fact, a sort of spelling pronunciation that gives unnecessary body and importance to every syllable; but I am now familiarized with this scholastic particularity, and hardly feel its impropriety. I observe that he, as well as Mr. Fox, closes his periods with a cadence unknown in America. I think it unmusical and harsh. It is, however, so completely fashionable that you meet with it even in Westminster Hall. Of Mr. Fox I think that he has a vigorous mind, but that he is a speaker in spite of nature and his stars. He is, notwithstanding, generally powerful in debate. I have heard Mr. Erskine once in the House of Commons. I thought nothing of him; but I am assured by good judges that at the bar he is formidable and indeed eloquent, although he makes no figure in Parliament. I do not understand this, but I know one half of the fact to be true in Mr. Erskine's case.

Mr. Secretary Dundas is mediocre; and I incline to think that in America the art of speaking is more advanced than in any other country. We have, it is true, swarms of mere *praters*, but we have also more (I mean a greater number of) able speakers than are to be found here or elsewhere. The bar in this country are sound lawyers, but nothing more: in America they are something more.

Perhaps in all this I make my estimates a little too partially, and with too much pride of country about me; but I am writing to you, who have the same prejudices, and can make allowances for me.

Your sincere friend,

WM. PINKNEY.

From Chambers' Journal.

MADAME DE GENLIS AND MADAME DE STAËL.

[This curious piece has recently appeared in the "Gazette de France," and has excited much remark. It is given out to be the production of Charles X. when Monsieur, and was communicated to M. Neychens by the Marquis de la Roche Jaqueline.]

BEFORE the Revolution, I was but very slightly acquainted with M^{me} de Genlis, her conduct during that disastrous period having not a little contributed to sink her in my estimation; and the publication of her novel, "The Knights of the Swan," (the first edition,) completed my dislike to a person who had so cruelly aspersed the character of the queen, my sister-in-law.

On my return to France, I received a letter full of the most passionate expressions of loyalty from beginning to end; the missive being signed Comtesse de Genlis; but imagining this could be but a *plaisanterie* of some intimate friend of my own, I paid no attention whatever to it. However, in two or three days it was followed by a second epistle, complaining of my silence, and appealing to the great sacrifices the writer had made in the interest of my cause, as giving her a *right* to my favorable attention. Talleyrand being present, I asked him if he could explain this enigma.

"Nothing is easier," replied he; "M^{me} de Genlis is unique. She has lost her own memory, and fancies others have experienced a similar bereavement."

"She speaks," pursued I, "of her virtues, her misfortunes, and Napoleon's persecutions."

"Hem! In 1789 her husband was quite ruined, so the events of that period took nothing from *him*; and as to the tyranny of Bonaparte, it consisted, in the first place, of giving her a magnificent suite of apartments in the Arsenal; and, in the second place, granting her a pension of six thousand francs a year, upon the sole condition of her keeping him every month *au courant* of the literature of the day."

"What shocking ferocity!" replied I, laughing; "a case of infamous despotism, indeed. And this martyr to our cause asks to see me!"

"Yes; and pray let your royal highness grant her an audience, were it only for once; I assure you she is most amusing."

I followed the advice of M. de Talleyrand, and according to the lady the permission she so pathetically demanded. The evening before she was to present herself, however, came a third missive recommending a certain Casimir, the *phénix* of the *époque*, and several other persons besides; all, according to M^{me} de Genlis, particularly celebrated people; and the postscript to this effusion prepared me also beforehand for the request she intended to make, of being appointed governess to the children of my son, the Duc de Berry, who was at that time not even married.

Just at this period it so happened that I was besieged by more than a dozen persons of every rank in regard to M^{me} de Staël, formerly exiled by Bonaparte, and who had rushed to Paris without taking breath, fully persuaded every one there, and throughout all France, was impatient to see her again. M^{me} de Staël had a double view in thus introducing herself to me; namely, to direct my proceedings entirely, and to obtain payment of the two million francs deposited in the treasury by her

father during his ministry. I confess I was not prepossessed in favor of M^{me} de Staël, for she also, in 1789, had manifested so much hatred towards the Bourbons, that I thought all she could possibly look to from us, was the liberty of living in Paris, unmolested; but I little knew her. She, on her side, imagined that we ought to be grateful to her for having quarrelled with Bonaparte—her own pride being, in fact, the sole cause of the rupture.

M. de Fontanes and M. de Châteaubriand were the first who mentioned her to me; and to the importance with which they treated the matter, I answered, laughing, "So M^{me} la Baronne de Staël is then a supreme power?"

"Indeed she is, and it might have very unfavorable effects did your royal highness overlook her; for what she asserts, every one believes, and then—she has suffered so much!"

"Very likely; but what did she make my poor sister-in-law the queen suffer? Do you think I can forget the abominable things she said, the falsehoods she told? and was it not in consequence of them, and the public's belief of them, that she owed the possibility of the ambassadorship of Sweden's being able to dare insult that unfortunate princess in her very palace?"

M^{me} de Staël's envoys, who manifested some confusion at the fidelity of my memory, implored me to forget the past, think only of the future, and remember that the genius of M^{me} de Staël, whose reputation was European, might be of the utmost advantage, or the reverse. Tired of disputing I yielded; consented to receive this *femme célèbre*, as they all called her, and fixed for her reception the same day I had notified to M^{me} de Genlis.

My brother has said, "Punctuality is the politeness of kings"—words as true and just as they are happily expressed; and the princes of my family have never been found wanting in good manners; so I was in my study waiting when M^{me} de Genlis was announced. I was astonished at the sight of a long, dry woman, with a swarthy complexion, dressed in a printed cotton gown, anything but clean, and a shawl covered with dust, her habit-shirt, her hair even, bearing marks of great negligence. I had read her works, and remembering all she said about neatness, and cleanliness, and proper attention to one's dress, I thought she added another to the many who fail to add example to their precepts. While making these reflections, M^{me} de Genlis was firing off a volley of curtsies; and upon finishing what she deemed the requisite number, she pulled out of a great huge bag four manuscripts of enormous dimensions.

"I bring," commenced the lady, "to your royal highness what will amply repay any kindness you may show to me—No. 1 is a plan of conduct, and the project of a constitution; No. 2 contains a collection of speeches in answer to those likely to be addressed to Monsieur; No. 3, addresses and letters proper to send to foreign powers, the provinces, &c.; and in No. 4 Monsieur will find a plan of education, the only one proper to be pursued by royalty; in reading which, your royal highness, will feel as convinced of the extent of my acquisitions as of the purity of my loyalty."

Many in my place might have been angry; but, on the contrary, I thanked her with an air of polite sincerity for the treasures she was so obliging as to confide to me, and then consoled with her upon the misfortunes she had endured under the tyranny of Bonaparte.

"Alas! Monsieur, this abominable despot dared to make a mere plaything of me! and yet I strove, by wise advice, to guide him right, and teach him to regulate his conduct properly; but he would not be led. I even offered to mediate between him and the Pope, but he did not so much as answer me upon this subject; although (being a most profound theologian) I could have smoothed almost all difficulties when the Concordat was in question."

"This last piece of pretension was almost too much for my gravity. However, I applauded the zeal of this new mother of the church, and was going to put an end to the interview, when it came into my head to ask her if she was well acquainted with M^{me} de Staël."

"God forbid!" cried she, making a sign of the cross; "I have no acquaintance with *such people*; and I but do my duty in warning those who have not perused the works of that lady, to bear in mind that they are written in the worst possible taste, and are also extremely immoral. Let your royal highness turn your thoughts from such books; you will find in *mine* all that is necessary to know. I suppose Monsieur has not yet seen *Little Necker*?"

"M^{me} la Baronne de Staël Holstein has asked for an audience, and I even suspect she may be already arrived at the Tuileries."

"Let your royal highness beware of this woman! See in her the implacable enemy of the Bourbons, and in me their most devoted slave!"

"This new proof of the want of memory in M^{me} de Genlis amused me as much as the other absurdities she had favored me with; and I was in the act of making her the ordinary salutations of adieu, when I observed her blush purple, and her proud rival entered."

The two ladies exchanged a haughty bow, and the comedy, which had just finished with the departure of M^{me} de Genlis, recommenced under a different form when M^{me} de Staël appeared on the stage. The baroness was dressed, not certainly dirtily, like the countess, but quite as absurdly. She wore a red satin gown, embroidered with flowers of gold and silk; a profusion of diamonds; rings enough to stock a pawnbroker's shop; and, I must add, that I never before saw so low a cut corsage display less inviting charms. Upon her head was a huge turban, constructed on the pattern of that worn by the Cumean sybil, which put a finishing stroke to a costume so little in harmony with her style of face. I scarcely understand how a woman of genius *can* have such a false, vulgar taste. M^{me} de Staël began by apologizing for occupying a few moments which she doubted not I should have preferred giving to M^{me} de Genlis. "She is one of the illustrations of the day," observed she with a sneering smile—"a colossus of religious faith, and represents in her person, she fancies, all the literature of the age! Ah, ah, Monsieur, in the hands of *such people* the world would soon retrograde; while it should, on the contrary, be impelled forward, and your royal highness be the first to put yourself at the head of this great movement. To you should belong the glory of giving the impulse, guided by *my experience*."

"Come," thought I, "here is another going to plague me with plans of conduct, and constitutions, and reforms, which I am to persuade the king my brother to adopt. It seems to be an insanity in France this composing of new constitutions." While I was making these reflections, madame had time to give utterance to a thousand fine phrases,

every one more sublime than the preceding. However, to put an end to them, I asked her if there was anything she wished to demand.

"Ah, dear!—oh yes, prince!" replied the lady in an indifferent tone. "A mere trifle—less than nothing—two millions, without counting the interest at five per cent.; but these are matters I leave entirely to my men of business, being for my own part much more absorbed in politics and the science of government."

"Alas! madame, the king has arrived in France with his mind made up upon most subjects, the fruit of twenty-five years' meditation; and I fear he is not likely to profit by your good intentions."

"Then so much the worse for him and for France! All the world knows what it cost Bonaparte his refusing to follow my advice, and pay me my two millions. I have studied the Revolution profoundly, followed it through all its phases, and I flatter myself I am the only pilot who can hold with one hand the rudder of the state, if at least I have Benjamin for steersman."

"Benjamin! Benjamin—who?" asked I in surprise.

"It would give me the deepest distress," replied she, "to think that the name of M. le Baron de Rebecque Benjamin de Constant has never reached the ears of your royal highness. One of his ancestors saved the life of Henri Quatre. Devoted to the descendants of this good king, he is ready to serve them; and among several *constitutions* he has in his portfolio, you will probably find one with annotations and reflections by myself, which will suit you. Adopt it, and choose Benjamin Constant to carry the idea out."

It seemed like a thing resolved—an event decided upon—this proposal of inventing a constitution for us. I kept as long as I could upon the defensive; but M^{me} de Staël, carried away by her zeal and her enthusiasm, instead of speaking of what personally concerned herself, knocked me about with arguments, and crushed me under threats and menaces; so, tired to death of entertaining, instead of a clever, humble woman, a roaring politician in petticoats, I finished the audience, leaving her as little satisfied as myself with the interview. M^{me} de Genlis was ten times less disagreeable, and twenty times more amusing.

That same evening I had M. le Prince de Talleyrand with me, and I was confounded by hearing him say, "So your royal highness has made M^{me} de Staël completely quarrel with me now!"

"Me! I never so much as pronounced your name."

"Notwithstanding that, she is convinced that I am the person who prevents your royal highness from employing her in your political relations, and that I am jealous of Benjamin Constant. She is resolved on revenge."

"Ha, ha!—and what can she do?"

"A very great deal of mischief, Monseigneur. She has numerous partisans; and if she declares herself Bonapartiste, we must look to ourselves."

"That would be curious."

"Oh, I shall take upon myself to prevent her going so far; but she will be royalist no longer, and we shall suffer from that."

At this time I had not the remotest idea what a mere man, still less a mere woman, could do in France; but now I understand it perfectly, and if M^{me} de Staël was living—Heaven pardon me!—I would strike up a flirtation with her.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE PEACE APOSTLE.

NOTHING of any value is ever done unless under a certain degree of enthusiasm. Indeed, enthusiasm, even when verging upon downright craziness, is generally more effective in matters of enterprise than cool calculation or considerations of prudence. Wise, discreet sort of people seldom do anything very novel; they are too much afraid of what the world will say to dare to invent or originate. A total disregard, in short, of the laughers and snarlers is at the bottom of the more important class of movements, whether public or private.

Amongst the various enthusiasts at present refreshing society with their various demonstrations, there is one for whom we must own a special regard; namely, Elihu Burritt, the Peace Apostle. It will be said that Elihu labors under a decided monomania. Yes; that is what is always said of your uncompromising enthusiasts—the said enthusiasts entertaining the blessed conviction that they know better than all the rest of mankind, and not caring one pin what is thought of them.

To come to the point: Elihu Burritt, as will be known to a tolerably wide circle, is an American, who, having raised himself from the condition of a working blacksmith, and acquired a wonderful command of languages, has for several years been engaged in a seemingly hopeless crusade against war in every shape. The continent of Europe has been the chief theatre of his operations. Four years ago, on the occasion of a personal interview with this apostle of Peace, we ventured a doubt as to the likelihood of continental countries giving up their reliance on force; seeing that they all sat like so many men each with a dagger in his hand, and a significant look at his neighbor's throat. Elihu only compassionated our incredulity. He foresaw the approaching commencement of the reign of common sense. Gentleness was to guide the earth.

These pleasant anticipations could not but be ruffled by the subsequent and entirely unforeseen revolutions of 1848, every one of which was a work of force in its most abrupt and revolting form. Warned by the progress and consequences of these tumults, Elihu has assumed the character of teacher; without, however, abating one jot of his enthusiasm. On this ground we think he is likely for the first time to find rest for the soles of his feet. The world is much in need of schoolmasters, and no lesson is more desirable than that which inculcates the folly of fighting. But to give proper, or at least practical efficacy to admonitions of this kind, it is unfortunately necessary to teach all nations and peoples simultaneously; for if one of any importance be left out, it goes on according to its old fighting notions, and obliges peaceably-disposed neighbors to remain in arms in self-defence.

To this desperate job of teaching continental nations how to behave themselves, the American has addressed himself; and nothing could be more easy than to laugh at the presumption of undertaking so Herculean a task. But why deride any plan whatever that aims at good? By all means let Elihu alone, and see what he will do in his own way. Wesley and Whitefield did very wonderful things by means not quite orthodox, and, as is well known, things which orthodoxy left unheeded. Who knows but this wandering blacksmith may, after all, do more to disseminate ideas of peace among foreign nations, than any ambas-

sador with ten thousand a year, or other accredited functionary?

The manner in which Elihu goes to work is worth noting. Every month he prepares and issues a small tract of four octavo pages. The "Olive Leaf," as this interesting little periodical is called, consists principally of short articles, from a few lines to a column in length, all elucidating some point or principle involved in the subject of peace. These articles embrace short moral arguments, pointing out the sinfulness, inhumanity, and folly of war; statistics carefully collated, showing the bearings and burdens of the war system; anecdotes and facts of illustration of the power of love, and the beauty of peace and fraternal concord between different classes, communities, and countries. The "Olive Leaf," as thus described, is circulated over Great Britain and North America; and the work is regularly translated into French and German for continental circulation. At first, the French edition was a tract resembling that in English; but the difficulties and expense of disposal in this form, as well as the obligations of the new stamp law in France, soon compelled a change of measures. The plan was resorted to of getting the whole contents of the "Olive Leaf" transferred to the pages of the newspapers. The idea was a happy one, and was speedily tested. Elihu went to different European capitals; spoke to some editors, and wrote to others. All entered warmly into the proposal, and space was offered at a comparatively moderate charge. Not one man in a thousand could have gone through the thing with the tact of this uncompromising, yet quiet and inoffensive enthusiast. To make a long story short, Elihu has actually procured admission for his articles, deprecatory of war and all its concerns, into twelve papers, which perforate almost every district from the Northern Ocean to the Mediterranean. Let us just present a copy of Elihu's jotting to show the amount of his auditory. The "Evenement," a Parisian paper, edited by Victor Hugo, with a circulation of 30,000 copies; "Vossische Zeitung," Berlin, 16,000; two other papers in Berlin, with a united circulation of 17,000 copies; the "Nachrichten," Hamburg, 11,000; "Illustrated Zeitung," Leipzig, 10,000; "Cologne Gazette," 18,000; "Frankfort Journal," 12,000; "Allgemeine Zeitung," Augsburg, 15,000; "Swabian Mercury," Stuttgart, 10,000; "Austrian Lloyd's," Vienna, 10,000; "St. Petersburg Journal," 10,000—the whole comprehending a circulation of 159,000 copies. In these an "Olive Leaf" appears once every month. Besides these, articles ready for insertion are despatched by post to other newspapers on the continent, with the hope that the editor will transfer them to his columns; thus putting into gratuitous and wide-spread circulation a great variety of arguments on the impolicy of resorting to force, and keeping up large and expensive armies. Several of the leading French journals have made these articles texts from which to denounce that stupendous war-system that prays on the vitals of the nation, and makes France a terror to peaceably-disposed neighbors.

It need hardly be said that all this machinery of translating, printing, and distribution, is maintained at considerable cost. Burritt's efforts, however, are supported by voluntary contributions in Great Britain and America, and, we have reason to believe principally from small periodical subscription among ladies connected with the Society of Friends. In order to impart interest to the undertaking

number of individuals take a distinct country in charge. The ladies of Edinburgh, for example, are at the entire cost of humanizing Saxony through the agency of these tracts; and they will by and by be able to say to what extent their endeavors have been successful. The ladies of Leeds have in a similar manner taken charge of Wurtemberg. Altogether, we are told that there are thirty societies of this kind already formed. The expense of irrigating such a country as Saxony with "Olive Leaves" is said to be about 24*l.* per annum. If no practical benefit be achieved through this novel and somewhat expensive enterprise, it will certainly not be from lack of earnest application.

The novelty of these proceedings will probably afford some amusement to our readers. They have revealed to them one of those remarkable undercurrents of benevolence for which the Anglo-Saxons are so greatly distinguished. We cannot say, however, that we are particularly hopeful of the result of this any more than of numerous other schemes of missionary enterprise; yet, to dogmatize on the subject would be as unsafe as it would be ungracious. There can be no doubt that the pithy little articles and anecdotes which Elihu presents for cogitation, will be something quite new within the sphere of their circulation. Take, for instance, the following short explanation of the method of preserving "a balance of naval power:"—

"Most persons are familiar with the process by which the monkey in the fable sought to effect a balance between the two pieces of cheese which he was asked to apportion equitably between two litigant cats. All will recollect how the wily arbiter presided at the scales until he had appropriated to himself the last morsel of the cheese in dispute. We shall find the commerce of the nations wasting away, like those pieces of cheese, under the modern process of establishing a balance of naval power for its protection. One of these powers, Great Britain, for instance, constructs a commerce-defender of enormous power, or a war-steamer, called *Stromboli*, *Slyx*, or *Bull-dog*. This fiery mastiff is not unkenelled to hunt pirates. In the application for money to build it, the secretary of the British navy perhaps referred point-blank to the posture and power of France, and even hinted at her disposition to injure the commerce of Great Britain. In fact, this war-steamer is let out like a bull-dog, to thrust his nose through the fences of the English Channel, and growl a defiance at France. Well, France has not been asleep the while. She knew the purpose and argument of that war-steamer before its keel was laid. The secretary of the French navy has described the danger to which that nation is exposed by the power of sudden invasion or injury which that new war-ship has put into the hands of England. In all haste the keel of one to match it is laid down at Cherbourg; and before the British mastiff has displayed his teeth for a week upon the sea, a French one, of equal power, is unkenelled, to show his, and growl a defiance. The two nations are now relatively just where they began. They are equally exposed to each other's invasions; perhaps more than they were before their war-steamer left the stocks. At least England has quite as much occasion to send out another sea-mastiff as she had to launch the first. So the next year another is turned out upon the sea, to mate its companion in watching that suspicious bull-dog of France. Of course France cannot suffer this disparity; she feels that her coasts and commerce

are in greater jeopardy than ever; and, in what she calls the sheer necessity of defence, she draws more deeply upon her revenues, and sends out another mastiff, with longer teeth and stronger claws. The competition between the two countries for the purpose of effecting a balance of naval power is now fairly under way. When each nation has constructed one hundred war-steamer, they are relatively just where they commenced. Is it not self-evident that, at this point, they are just as much exposed to each other's attacks as they were before they had a single war-steamer upon the ocean!"*

If the above logic serves to persuade our belligerent neighbors, the gain will not be inconsiderable; but as a large proportion of the male population may be said to make fighting a trade, the argument which Elihu employs is not likely to meet with universal acceptance. An instance of proselytizing an accomplished military officer is, however, recorded in the following anecdote:—

"During our sojourn at Hamburg, a Swedish officer took up his quarters for a few days at the hotel in which we resided, and was presented with one of the German 'Olive-Leaf' pamphlets, which we caused to be distributed among all the guests of the establishment. The next day the officer came into our room, and expressed himself fully convinced of the truth and force of the arguments against war contained in the little brochure. 'But,' he asked with serious tone and emphasis, 'what shall we military officers do? This is our trade!' He then fully and frankly described his condition. He had been educated for the army from his youth up, and he was the son of a general. He had graduated in the first university of Sweden, spoke five or six languages, was an accomplished scholar, and just in the prime of young manhood. Having studied for the army, and acquired the theory of the soldier's trade, he entered the Russian service, and went into the war with the Circassians, to learn the practice of the profession, just as young American surgeons go to France and other countries to practise in their hospitals, and under their professors of anatomy, the art of setting broken bones, and of performing difficult and dangerous operations on the human body; with the difference, that his trade was to break bones, and gash human beings with wounds beyond the healing of surgery. For four years he fleshed his blade upon the Circassians, and acquired scientific skill in cleaving the skull, transfixing the bosom, or lopping off the arm of a fellow-being. Having thus perfected himself in the art, he left the Russian service, to practise his profession wherever it should be most remunerative, and, perhaps, honorable. His native country had nothing for him to do in his line of business, so he repaired to Denmark, as we understood, and offered his services to the Danes, to fight the Schleswig-Holsteiners. But they had plenty of officers, and declined his offer. He then proceeded to Hamburg, with the view of offering himself to the Schleswig-Holsteiners to fight the Danes—being equally ready and willing to draw his sword against the one as the other. But the war was drawing to a close, and could not furnish him a job in his profession.

* While we write, a debate has occurred in the French Assembly respecting the warlike preparations at Cherbourg, which are justified on the ground that the English are making similar preparations; these said English preparations having been entered upon in consequence of certain previous proceedings at Cherbourg. One may well ask, where is this rivalry to end?—Ed.

'His occupation was gone,' and he seemed to open his eyes to its uncertainty, and to the loss of time he had suffered in learning the trade. He said he was ready to enter upon any situation in civil life which would afford him support, and employment of his talents. He was then looking for such a place, and would prefer any honest business to his military profession. He admitted all its incongruities and immoralities, and wished himself well out of it. Taking up one of the 'Olive Leaves,' he said he should like to translate them into Swedish, for circulation in that country. The idea was a pleasant one to our mind, and full of promise. It was turning the sword into a ploughshare by an interesting process of transformation. It seemed to indicate what might come in coming days. It was one of the incidents of progress, of encouraging significance. If the first 'Olive Leaf' that shall carry its message of peace to the people of Sweden shall be put in their language by this officer, whose other occupation was gone, it will make another incident of interest."

Elihu's general appeals are pervaded by an amount of hopefulness that contrasts dismal; with some of the late operations of Austria and Prussia. While force is stifling nascent demonstrations of social improvement, the apostle of peace sees only indications of universal brotherhood. It is this proneness to overlook discouraging circumstances which has invested Elihu's proceedings with some degree of ridicule. "The bristling barriers of nationality, which have hitherto divided and alienated men, are everywhere disappearing, and they are beginning to fraternize with each other across the boundaries which once made them enemies. The great transactions of nations, the mighty works of human skill and energy, are becoming *international*, not only in their benefits, but in their ownership and construction. Is it a canal that is proposed?—It is a channel for the ships of all nations across the Isthmus of Panama, to unite the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and shorten the passage to India by 6000 miles. Is it a railway that is projected?—It is one 4000 miles in length, across the continent of North America, to open to the nations of Europe a north-west passage to China of thirty days from London; or it is one to be constructed from Calais to Calcutta for their equal benefit. Is it an electric telegraph?—It is one to reach round the globe, crossing Behring's Straits and the English Channel, and stringing on its nerve of wire all the capitals of the civilized world between London and Washington. Is it a grand display of the works of art and industry, for the encouragement of mechanical skill?—It is an exhibition opened, without the slightest distinction, to the artists and artisans of all nations, just as if they were all equal subjects of one and the same government, and equally entitled to its patronage and support. Is it an act affecting navigation?—It is to place all the ships that plough the ocean upon the same footing, as if they were owned by one and the same nation. Is it a proposition to cheapen and extend the facilities of correspondence between individuals and communities?—It is 'to give the world an Ocean Penny-Postage, to make home everywhere, and all nations neighbors.' These are the material manifestations of the idea of brotherhood which is permeating the popular mind in different countries, and preparing them for that condition promised to mankind in divine revelation. They are, as it were, the mechanical efforts of civilization to demonstrate, in physical forms of illustration, the

truth, that 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men.'"

We wish we could with truth say that the anticipations here expressed are, to any common apprehension, in the way of being realized. But perhaps we are in error in looking for the fruits of August, when we have no chance of seeing more than the *braid* above the ground, or the seed beginning to germinate. Give Mr. Burritt a little time, and then judge of the value of that moral husbandry which he is practising. At any rate, there is surely no harm in looking hopefully on human progress; and, as we have said already, nothing of any importance is to be done without enthusiasm. Elihu Burritt, with all his self-sacrificing ardor and devotedness—and, it may be, all his delusions—is fully as useful in his generation as the man who dares not, for the life of him, entertain an original idea, or perform an original act, and who spends existence in the unvarying round of commonplace duties, and the exercise of a dull jogtrot respectability—

Content to dwell in decencies forever.

RISE AND FALL OF LAKE ERIE.—Various papers have recently alluded to the rise and fall of Lake Erie, maintaining that it is periodical every few years. The following memorandum, made by one of our intelligent citizens, who has carefully watched the rise and fall since 1839, settles the matter most conclusively.

The Toledo Blade represents Lake Erie as falling, and that there is a periodical rise and fall of its surface once in twelve or fourteen years.

Some of your readers may be pleased to get facts from authentic records.

The highest state of the lake in calm weather ever recorded, was in June, 1838, when it stood 5 feet 4 inches above the zero at Buffalo:—

1839, May 11, it stood	3 5
1840, May 14,	3 9
1841, May 18,	3 1
1842, May 5,	3 7
1843, May 15, (supposed,)	2 8
1844, May 12,	2 11
1845, May 15,	3 0
1846, May 16,	2 0
1847, May 16,	2 6
1848, May 1,	2 2
1849, May 19,	3 1
1850, May 12,	2 8
1851, April 8,	2 11

The very highest on record was by the tempest in the night of the 18-19 October, '44, at which time it rose to thirteen feet eight above the zero at Buffalo.

The very lowest on record, caused by a strong gale from north-east, was in the afternoon of the 18th of April, 1848, when it fell to 22 inches below zero.

The idea of a periodical rise and fall, once in a few years, is repudiated by exact observers.

The general observation is, that the surface reaches its maximum for the year, about the first of July, then falls a little to about the first of October, then rises slowly to about the first of December, then falls rapidly to about the tenth of February, then rises, (in March very rapidly,) and continues to rise, until July.—*Buffalo Com. Advertiser.*

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XXIX.—"THE BREAKFAST AT LETTERKENNY."

EARLY the next morning, a messenger arrived from the Cranagh, with a small packet of my clothes and effects, and a farewell letter from the two brothers. I had but time to glance over its contents, when the tramp of feet and the buzz of voices in the street attracted me to the window, and on looking out I saw a long line of men, two abreast, who were marching along as prisoners, a party of dismounted dragoons keeping guard over them on either side, followed by a strong detachment of marines. The poor fellows looked sad and crest-fallen enough. Many of them wore bandages on their heads and limbs, the tokens of the late struggle. Immediately in front of the inn door stood a group of about thirty persons; they were the staff of the English force and the officers of our fleet, all mingled together, and talking away with the greatest air of unconcern. I was struck by remarking that all our seamen, though prisoners, saluted the officers as they passed, and in the glances interchanged I thought I could read a world of sympathy and encouragement. As for the officers, like true Frenchmen, they bore themselves as though it were one of the inevitable chances of war, and, however vexatious for the moment, not to be thought of as an event of much importance. The greater number of them belonged to the army, and I could see the uniforms of the staff, artillery, and dragoons, as well as the less distinguished costume of the line.

Perhaps they carried the affectation of indifference a little too far, and in the lounging ease of their attitude, and the cool unconcern with which they puffed their cigars, displayed an over-anxiety to seem unconcerned. That the English were piqued at their bearing was still more plain to see; and, indeed, in the sullen looks of the one and the careless gayety of the other party, a stranger might readily have mistaken the captor for the captive.

My two friends of the evening before were in the midst of the group. He who had questioned me so sharply now wore a general officer's uniform, and seemed to be the chief in command. As I watched him, I heard him addressed by an officer, and now saw that he was no other than Lord Cavan himself, while the other was a well-known magistrate and country gentleman, Sir George Hill.

The sad procession took almost half an hour to defile; and then came a long string of country cars and carts, with sea-chests and other stores belonging to our officers, and, last of all, some eight or ten ammunition wagons and gun carriages, over which an English union jack now floated in token of conquest.

There was nothing like exultation or triumph exhibited by the peasantry as this pageant passed. They gazed in silent wonderment at the scene, and looked like men who scarcely knew whether

the result boded more of good or evil to their own fortunes. While keenly scrutinizing the looks and bearing of the bystanders I received a summons to meet the general and his party at breakfast.

Although the occurrence was one of the most pleasurable incidents of my life, which brought me once more into intercourse with my comrades and my countrymen, I should perhaps pass it over with slight mention, were it not that it made me witness to a scene which has since been recorded in various different ways, but of whose exact details I profess to be an accurate narrator.

After making a tour of the room, saluting my comrades, answering questions here, putting others there, I took my place at the long table, which, running the whole length of the apartment, was indiscriminately occupied by French and English, and found myself with my back to the fire-place, and having directly in front of me a man of about thirty-three or four years of age, dressed in the uniform of a Chef de Brigade; light-haired and blue-eyed, he bore no resemblance whatever to those around him, whose dark faces and black beards proclaimed them of a foreign origin. There was an air of mildness in his manner, mingled with a certain impetuosity that betrayed itself in the rapid glances of his eye, and I could plainly mark that while the rest were perfectly at their ease, he was constrained, restless, watching eagerly everything that went forward about him, and showing unmistakably a certain anxiety and distrust, widely differing from the gay and careless indifference of his comrades. I was curious to hear his name, and, on asking, learned that he was the Chef de Brigade, Smith, an Irishman by birth, but holding a command in the French service.

I had but asked the question, when, pushing back his chair from the table, he arose suddenly, and stood stiff and erect like a soldier on the parade.

"Well, sir, I hope you are satisfied with your inspection of me," cried he, and sternly addressing himself to some one behind my back. I turned and perceived that it was Sir George Hill, who stood in front of the fire leaning on his stick. Whether he replied or not to this rude speech I am unable to say, but the other walked leisurely round the table and came directly in front of him. "You know me *now*, sir, I presume," said he, in the same imperious voice, "or else this uniform has made a greater change in my appearance than I knew of."

"Mr. Tone!" said Sir George, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"Ay, sir, Wolfe Tone; there is no need of secrecy here; Wolfe Tone, your old college acquaintance in former times, but now Chef de Brigade in the service of France."

"This is a very unexpected, a very unhappy meeting, Mr. Tone," said Hill, feelingly; "I sincerely wish you had not recalled the memory of our past acquaintance. My duty gives me no alternative."

"Your duty, or I mistake much, can have no concern with me, sir," cried Tone, in a more excited voice.

"I ask for nothing better than to be sure of this, Mr. Tone," said Sir George, moving slowly towards the door.

"You would treat me like an emigré rentré," cried Tone, passionately, "but I am a French subject and a French officer."

"I shall be well satisfied if others take the same view of your case, I assure you," said Hill, as he gained the door.

"You'll not find me unprepared for either event, sir," rejoined Tone, following him out of the room, and banging the door angrily behind him.

For a moment or two the noise of voices was heard from without, and several of the guests, English and French, rose from the table, eagerly inquiring what had occurred, and asking for an explanation of the scene, when suddenly the door was flung wide open, and Tone appeared between two policemen, his coat off, and his wrists enclosed in handcuffs.

"Look here, comrades," he cried in French; "this is another specimen of English politeness and hospitality. After all," added he, with a bitter laugh, "they have no designation in all their heraldry as honorable as these fetters, when worn for the cause of freedom! Good bye, comrades; we may never meet again, but don't forget how we parted!"

These were the last words he uttered, when the door was closed, and he was led forward under charge of a strong force of police and military. A post-chaise was soon seen to pass the windows at speed, escorted by dragoons, and we saw no more of our comrade.

The incident passed even more rapidly than I write it. The few words spoken, the hurried gestures, the passionate exclamations, are yet all deeply graven on my memory; and I can recall every little incident of the scene, and every feature of the locality wherein it occurred. With true French levity many seated themselves at the breakfast-table; whilst others, with perhaps as little feeling, but more of curiosity, discussed the event, and sought for an explanation of its meaning.

"Then what's to become of Tiernay," cried one, "if it be so hard to throw off this 'coil of Englishman?' His position may be just as precarious."

"That is exactly what has occurred," said Lord Cavan; "a warrant for his apprehension has just been put into my hands, and I deeply regret that the duty should violate that of hospitality, and make my guest my prisoner."

"May I see this warrant, my lord?" asked I.

"Certainly, sir. Here it is; and here is the information on oath through which it was issued, sworn to before three justices of the peace by a certain Joseph Dowall, late an officer in the rebel forces, but now a pardoned approver of the crown; do you remember such a man, sir?"

I bowed, and he went on.

"He would seem a precious rascal; but such characters become indispensable in times like these. After all, M. Tiernay, my orders are only to transmit you to Dublin under safe escort, and there is nothing either in my duty or in your position to occasion any feeling of unpleasantness between us. Let us have a glass of wine together."

I responded to this civil proposition with politeness, and after a slight interchange of leave-takings with some of my newly-found comrades, I set out for Derry on a jaunting-car, accompanied by an officer and two policemen, affecting to think very little of a circumstance which, in reality, the more I reflected over the more serious I deemed it.

CHAPTER XXX.—A SCENE IN THE ROYAL BARRACKS.

It would afford me little pleasure to write, and doubtless my readers less to read, my lueubrations, as I journeyed along towards Dublin. My thoughts seldom turned from myself and my own fortunes, nor were they cheered by the scene through which I travelled. The season was a backward and wet one, and the fields, partly from this cause, and partly from the people being engaged in the late struggle, lay untilled and neglected. Groups of idle, lounging, peasants stood in the villages, or loitered on the high roads as we passed, sad, ragged-looking, and wretched. They seemed as if they had no heart to resume their wonted life of labor, but were waiting for some calamity to close their miserable existence. Strongly in contrast with this were the air and bearing of the yeomanry and militia detachments with whom we occasionally came up. Quite forgetting how little creditable to some of them, at least, were the events of the late campaign, they gave themselves the most intolerable airs of heroism; and, in their drunken jollity, and reckless abandonment, threatened, I know not what—utter ruin to France and all Frenchmen. Bonaparte was the great mark of all their sarcasms, and, from some cause or other, seemed to enjoy a most disproportioned share of their dislike and derision.

At first it required some effort of constraint on my part to listen to this ribaldry in silence; but prudence, and a little sense, taught me the safer lesson of "never minding," and so I affected to understand nothing that was said in a spirit of insult or offence.

On the night of the 7th of November we drew nigh to Dublin; but, instead of entering the capital, we halted at a small village outside of it, called Chapelizod. Here a house had been fitted up for the reception of French prisoners, and I found myself, if not in company, at least under the same roof with my countrymen.

Nearer intercourse than this, however, I was not destined to enjoy, for early on the following morning I was ordered to set out for the Royal Barracks, to be tried before a court-martial. It was on a cold, raw morning, with a thin, drizzly rain, falling, that we drove into the barrack yard, and drew up at the mess-room, then used for the purposes of a court. As yet none of the members had assembled, and two or three mess-waiters were engaged in removing the signs of last night's debauch, and restoring a semblance of decorum to a very rickety-looking apartment. The walls were scrawled over with absurd caricatures, in charcoal or ink, of notorious characters of the capital, and a very striking "battle-piece" commemorated the "Races of Castlebar," as that memorable action was called, in a spirit, I am bound to say, of little flattery to the British arms. There were to be sure little compensatory illustrations here and there of French cavalry in Egypt, mounted on donkeys, or revolutionary troops on parade ragged as scarecrows, and ill-looking as highwaymen; but a most liberal justice characterized all these frescoes, and they treated both Trojan and Tyrian alike.

I had abundant time given me to admire them, for, although summoned for seven o'clock, it was nine before the first officer of the court-martial made his appearance, and he, having popped in his head, and perceiving the room empty, sauntered out again, and disappeared. At last a very noisy jaunting-car rattled into the square, and a short, red-faced man was assisted down from it, and entered the mess-room. This was Mr. Peters, the Deputy Judge Advocate, whose presence was the immediate signal for the others, who now came dropping in from every side, the president, a Colonel Daly, arriving the last.

A few tradespeople, loungers, it seemed to me, of the barrack, and some half-dozen non-commissioned officers off duty, made up the public; and I could not but feel a sense of my insignificance, in the utter absence of interest my fate excited. The listless indolence and informality, too, offended and insulted me; and when the president politely told me to be seated, for they were obliged to wait for some books or papers left behind at his quarters, I actually was indignant at his coolness.

As we thus waited, the officers gathered around the fire-place, chatting and laughing pleasantly together, discussing the social events of the capital, and the gossip of the day; everything, in fact, but the case of the individual on whose future fate they were about to decide.

At length the long-expected books made their appearance, and a few well-thumbed volumes were spread over the table, behind which the court took their places, Colonel Daly in the centre, with the judge upon his left.

The members being sworn, the Judge Advocate arose, and in a hurried, humdrum kind of voice, read out what purported to be the commission under which I was to be tried; the charge being,

whether I had or had not acted treacherously and hostilely to his majesty, whose natural-born subject I was, being born in that kingdom, and, consequently, owing to him all allegiance and fidelity. "Guilty or not guilty, sir?"

"The charge is a falsehood; I am a Frenchman," was my answer.

"Have respect for the court, sir," said Peters; "you mean that you are a French officer, but by birth an Irishman."

"I mean no such thing;—that I am French by birth, as I am in feeling—that I never saw Ireland till within a few months back, and heartily wish I had never seen it."

"So would General Humbert, too, perhaps," said Daly, laughing; and the court seemed to relish the jest.

"Where were you born, then, Tiernay?"

"In Paris, I believe."

"And your mother's name, what was it?"

"I never knew; I was left an orphan when a mere infant, and can tell little of my family."

"Your father was Irish, then?"

"Only by descent. I have heard that we came from a family who bore the title of 'Timmahoo'—Lord Tiernay of Timmahoo."

"There was such a title," interposed Peters; "it was one of King James' last creations after his flight from the Boyne. Some, indeed, assert that it was conferred before the battle. What a strange coincidence, to find the descendant, if he be such, laboring in something like the same cause as his ancestor!"

"What's your rank, sir?" asked a sharp, severe-looking man, called Major Flood.

"First Lieutenant of Hussars."

"And is it usual for a boy of your years to hold that rank; or was there anything peculiar in your case that obtained the promotion?"

"I served in two campaigns, and gained my grade regularly."

"Your Irish blood, then, had no share in your advancement?" asked he again.

"I am a Frenchman, as I said before," was my answer.

"A Frenchman, who lays claim to an Irish estate and an Irish title," replied Flood. "Let us hear Dowall's statement."

And now, to my utter confusion, a man made his way to the table, and, taking the book from the Judge Advocate, kissed it in token of an oath.

"Inform the court of anything you know in connexion with the prisoner," said the judge.

And the fellow, not daring even to look towards me, began a long, rambling, unconnected narrative of his first meeting with me at Killala, affecting that a close intimacy had subsisted between us, and that in the faith of a confidence, I had told him how, being an Irishman by birth, I had joined the expedition in the hope that with the expulsion of the English, I should be able to reëstablish my claim to my family rank and fortune. There was little coherence in his story, and more than one discrepant statement occurred

in it; but the fellow's natural stupidity imparted a wonderful air of truth to the narrative, and I was surprised how naturally it sounded even to my own ears, little circumstances of truth being interspersed through the recital, as though to season the falsehood into a semblance of fact.

"What have you to reply to this, Tiernay?" asked the colonel.

"Simply, sir, that such a witness, were his assertions even more consistent and probable, is utterly unworthy of credit. This fellow was one of the greatest marauders of the rebel army; and the last exercise of authority I ever witnessed by General Humbert was an order to drive him out of the town of Castlebar."

"Is this the notorious Town Major Dowall?" asked an officer of artillery.

"The same, sir."

"I can answer, then, for his being one of the greatest rascals unchanged," rejoined he.

"This is all very irregular, gentlemen," interposed the judge advocate; "the character of a witness cannot be impugned by what is mere desultory conversation. Let Dowall withdraw."

The man retired, and now a whispered conversation was kept up at the table for about a quarter of an hour, in which I could distinctly separate those who befriended from those who opposed me, the major being the chief of the latter party. One speech of his which I overheard made a slight impression on me, and for the first time suggested uneasiness regarding the event.

"Whatever you do with this lad must have an immense influence on Tone's trial. Don't forget that if you acquit him you'll be sorely puzzled to convict the other."

The colonel promptly overruled this unjust suggestion, and maintained that in my accent, manner, and appearance, there was every evidence of my French origin.

"Let Wolfe Tone stand upon his own merits," said he, "but let us not mix this case with his."

"I'd have treated every man who landed to a rope," exclaimed the major, "Humbert himself among the rest. It was pure 'brigandage,' and nothing less."

"I hope, if I escape, sir, that it will never be my fortune to see you a prisoner of France," said I, forgetting all in my indignation.

"If my voice have any influence, young man, that opportunity is not likely to occur to you," was the reply.

This ungenerous speech found no sympathy with the rest, and I soon saw that the major represented a small minority in the court.

The want of my commission, or of any document suitable to my rank or position in the service, was a great drawback; for I had given all my papers to Humbert, and had nothing to substantiate my account of myself. I saw how unfavorably this acknowledgment was taken by the court; and when I was ordered to withdraw that they might deliberate, I own that I felt great misgivings as to the result.

The deliberation was a long, and, as I could overhear, a strongly disputed one. Dowall was twice called in for examination, and when he retired on the last occasion, the discussion grew almost stormy.

As I stood thus awaiting my fate, the public, now removed from the court, pressed eagerly to look at me; and while some thronged the doorway, and even pressed against the sentry, others crowded at the window to peep in. Among these faces, over which my eye ranged in half vacancy, one face struck me, for the expression of sincere sympathy and interest it bore. It was that of a middle-aged man of an humble walk in life, whose dress bespoke him from the country. There was nothing in his appearance to have called for attention or notice, and at any other time I should have passed him over without remark, but now, as his features betokened a feeling almost verging on anxiety, I could not regard him without interest.

Whatever way my eyes turned, however my thoughts might take me off, whenever I looked towards him, I was sure to find his gaze steadily bent upon me, and with an expression quite distinct from mere curiosity. At last came the summons for me to reappear before the court, and the crowd opened to let me pass in.

The noise, the anxiety of the moment, and the movement of the people confused me at first, and when I recovered self-possession, I found that the judge advocate was reciting the charge under which I was tried. There were three distinct counts, on each of which the court pronounced me "Not Guilty," but at the same time qualifying the finding by the additional words—"by a majority of two;" thus showing me that my escape had been a narrow one.

"As prisoner of war," said the president, "you will now receive the same treatment as your comrades of the same rank. Some have been already exchanged, and some have given bail for their appearance to answer any future charges against them."

"I am quite ready, sir, to accept my freedom on parole," said I; "of course, in a country where I am an utter stranger, bail is out of the question."

"I'm willing to bail him, your worship; I'll take it on me to be surety for him," cried a coarse, husky voice from the body of the court; and at the same time a man dressed in a great-coat of dark frieze pressed through the crowd and approached the table.

"And who are you, my good fellow, so ready to impose yourself on the court?" asked Peters.

"I'm a farmer of eighty acres of land, from the Black Pits, near Baldoy, and the adjutant there, Mr. Moore, knows me well."

"Yes," said the adjutant, "I have known you some years, as supplying forage to the cavalry, and always heard you spoken of as honest and trustworthy."

"Thank you, Mr. Moore; that's as much as I want."

"Yes; but it's not as much as we want, my worthy man," said Peters; "we require to know that you are a solvent and respectable person."

"Come out and see my place then; ride over the land and look at my stock; ask my neighbors my character; find out if there's anything against me."

"We prefer to leave all that trouble on your shoulders," said Peters; "show us that we may accept your surety and we'll entertain the question at once."

"How much is it?" asked he, eagerly.

"We demanded five hundred pounds for a major on the staff; suppose we say two, colonel, is that sufficient?" asked Peters of the president.

"I should say quite enough," was the reply.

"There's eighty of it any way," said the farmer, producing a dirty roll of bank notes, and throwing them on the table; "I got them from Mr. Murphy in Smithfield this morning, and I'll get twice as much from him for asking; so if your honors will wait till I come back, I'll not be twenty minutes away."

"But we can't take your money, my man; we have no right to touch it."

"Then what are ye talking about two hundred pounds for?" asked he, sternly.

"We want your promise to pay in the event of this bail being broken."

"Oh, I see, it's all the same thing in the end; I'll do it either way."

"We'll accept Mr. Murphy's guarantee for your solvency," said Peters; "obtain it and you can sign the bond at once."

"Faith, I'll get it sure enough, and be here before you've the writing drawn out," said he, buttoning up his coat.

"What name are we to insert in the bond?"

"Tiernay, sir."

"That's the prisoner's name, but we want yours."

"Mine's Tiernay too, sir, Pat Tiernay of the Black Pits."

Before I could recover from my surprise at this announcement he had left the court, which, in a few minutes afterwards, broke up, a clerk alone remaining to fill up the necessary documents and complete the bail-bond.

The colonel, as well as two others of his officers, pressed me to join them at breakfast, but I declined, resolving to wait for my namesake's return, and partake of no other hospitality than his.

It was near one o'clock when he returned, almost worn out with fatigue, since he had been in pursuit of Mr. Murphy for several hours, and only came upon him by chance at last. His business, however, he had fully accomplished; the bail-bond was duly drawn out and signed, and I left the barrack in a state of happiness very different from the feeling with which I had entered it that day.

CHAPTER XXXI.—A BRIEF CHANGE OF LIFE AND COUNTRY.

My new acquaintance never ceased to congratulate himself on what he called the lucky accident that had led him to the barracks that morning, and thus brought about our meeting. "Little as you think of me, my dear," said he, "I'm one of the Tiernays of Timmahoo myself; faix, until I saw you, I thought I was the last of them! There are eight generations of us in the churchyard at Kells, and I was looking to the time when they'd lay my bones there, as the last of the race, but I see there's a better fortune before us."

"But you have a family, I hope?"

"Sorrow one belonging to me. I might have married when I was young, but there was a pride in me to look for something higher than I had any right, except from blood I mean; for a better stock than our own is n't to be found; and that's the way years went over and I lost the opportunity, and here I am now, an old bachelor, without one to stand to me, barrin' it be yourself."

The last words were uttered with a tremulous emotion, and on turning towards him I saw his eyes swimming with tears, and perceived that some strong feeling was working within him.

"You can't suppose I can ever forget what I owe you, Mr. Tiernay."

"Call me Pat, Pat Tiernay," interrupted he, roughly.

"I'll call you what you please," said I, "if you let me add friend to it."

"That's enough; we understand one another now, no more need be said; you'll come home and live with me. It's not long, may be, you'll have to do that same; but when I go you'll be heir to what I have; 'tis more, perhaps, than many suppose, looking at the coat and the gaiters I'm wearin'. Mind, Maurice, I don't want you, nor I don't expect you to turn farmer like myself. You never need to turn a hand to anything. You'll have your horse to ride—two if you like it. Your time will be all your own, so that you spend a little of it, now and then, with me, and as much divarison as ever you care for."

I have condensed into a few words the substance of a conversation which lasted till we reached Baldoyle; and, passing through that not over-imposing village, gained the neighborhood of the sea-shore, along which stretched the farm of the "Black Pits," a name derived, I was told, from certain black holes that were dug in the sands by fishermen in former times, when the salt tide washed over the pleasant fields where corn was now growing. A long, low, thatched cabin, with far more indications of room and comfort than pretension to the picturesque, stood facing the sea. There were neither trees nor shrubs around it, and the aspect of the spot was bleak and cheerless enough, a coloring a dark November day did nothing to dispel.

It possessed one charm, however, and had it

been a hundred times inferior to what it was, *that* one would have compensated for all else—a hearty welcome met me at the door, and the words, “This is your home, Maurice,” filled my heart with happiness.

Were I to suffer myself to dwell even in thought on this period of my life, I feel how insensibly I should be led away into an inexcusable prolixity. The little meaningless incidents of my daily life, all so engraven on my memory still, occupied me pleasantly from day till night. Not only the master of myself and my own time, I was master of everything around me. Uncle Pat, as he loved to call himself, treated me with a degree of respect that was almost painful to me, and only when we were alone together, did he relapse into the intimacy of equality. Two first-rate hunters stood in my stable; a stout-built half-deck boat lay at my command beside the quay; I had my gun and my greyhounds; books, journals; everything, in short, that a liberal purse and a kind spirit could confer—all but acquaintance. Of these I possessed absolutely none. Too proud to descend to intimacy with the farmers and small shopkeepers of the neighborhood, my position excluded me from acquaintance with the gentry; and thus I stood between both, unknown to either.

For awhile my new career was too absorbing to suffer me to dwell on this circumstance. The excitement of field sports sufficed me when abroad, and I came home usually so tired at night that I could barely keep awake to amuse Uncle Pat with those narratives of war and campaigning he was so fond of hearing. To the hunting-field succeeded the Bay of Dublin, and I passed days, even weeks, exploring every creek and inlet of the coast; now cruising under the dark cliffs of the Welsh shore, or, while my boat lay at anchor, wandering among the solitary valleys of Lambay; my life, like a dream full of its own imaginings, and unbroken by the thoughts or feelings of others. I will not go the length of saying that I was self-free from all reproach on the inglorious indolence in which my days were passed, or that my thoughts never strayed away to that land where my first dreams of ambition were felt. But a strange, fatuous kind of languor had grown upon me, and the more I retired within myself, the less did I wish for a return to that struggle with the world which every active life engenders. Perhaps—I cannot now say if it were so—perhaps I resented the disdainful distance with which the gentry treated me, as we met in the hunting-fields or the coursing-ground. Some of the isolation I preferred may have had this origin, but choice had the greater share in it, until at last my greatest pleasure was to absent myself for weeks on a cruise, fancying that I was exploring tracts never visited by man, and landing on spots where no human foot had ever been known to tread.

If Uncle Pat would occasionally remonstrate on the score of these long absences, he never ceased to supply means for them, and my sea-store and a well-filled purse were never wanting, when the

Blue Peter floated from “La Hoche,” as in my ardor I had named my cutter. Perhaps at heart he was not sorry to see me avoid the capital and its society. The bitterness which had succeeded the struggle for independence was now at its highest point, and there was what, to my thinking at least, appeared something like the cruelty of revenge in the sentences which followed the state trials. I will not suffer myself to stray into the debatable ground of politics, nor dare I give an opinion on matters, where, with all the experience of fifty years superadded, the wisest heads are puzzled how to decide; but my impression at the time was that lenity would have been a safer and a better policy than severity, and that in the momentary prostration of the country lay the precise conjuncture for those measures of grace and favor, which were afterwards rather wrung from than conceded by the English government. Be this as it may, Dublin offered a strange spectacle at that period. The triumphant joy of one party—the discomfiture and depression of the other. All the exuberant delight of success here; all the bitterness of failure there. On one side festivities, rejoicings, and public demonstrations; on the other, confinement, banishment, or the scaffold.

The excitement was almost madness. The passion for pleasure, restrained by the terrible contingencies of the time, now broke forth with redoubled force, and the capital was thronged with all its rank, riches, and fashion, when its jails were crowded, and the heaviest sentences of the law were in daily execution. The state trials were crowded by all the fashion of the metropolis; and the heart-moving eloquence of Curran was succeeded by the strains of a merry concert. It was just then, too, that the great lyric poet of Ireland began to appear in society, and those songs which were to be known afterwards as “The Melodies,” par excellence, were first heard in all the witching enchantment which his own taste and voice could lend them. To such as were indifferent to or could forget the past, it was a brilliant period. It was the last flickering blaze of Irish nationality, before the lamp was extinguished forever.

Of this society I myself saw nothing. But even in the retirement of my humble life the sounds of its mirth and pleasure penetrated, and I often wished to witness the scenes which even in vague description were fascinating. It was then in a kind of discontent at my exclusion, that I grew from day to day more disposed to solitude, and fonder of those excursions which led me out of all reach of companionship or acquaintance. In this spirit I planned a long cruise down channel, resolving to visit the Island of Valentia, or, if the wind and weather favored, to creep around the south-west coast as far as Bantry or Kenmare. A man and his son, a boy of about sixteen, formed all my crew, and were quite sufficient for the light tackle and easy rig of my craft. Uncle Pat was already mounted on his pony, and ready

to set out for market, as we prepared to start. It was a bright spring morning—such a one as now and then the changeful climate of Ireland brings forth, in a brilliancy of color and softness of atmosphere that are rare in even more favored lands.

"You have a fine day of it, Maurice, and just enough wind," said he, looking at the point from whence it came. "I almost wish I was going with you."

"And why not come, then?" asked I. "You never will give yourself a holiday. Do so for once, now."

"Not to-day, anyhow," said he, half sighing at his self-denial. "I have a great deal of business on my hands to-day; but the next time—the very next you're up to a long cruise, I'll go with you."

"That's a bargain, then?"

"A bargain. Here's my hand on it."

We shook hands cordially on the compact. Little knew I it was to be for the last time, and that we were never to meet again.

I was soon a-board, and with a free mainsail skimming rapidly over the bright waters of the bay. The wind freshened as the day wore on, and we quickly passed the Kish light-ship, and held our course boldly down channel. The height of my enjoyment in these excursions consisted in the unbroken quietude of mind I felt, when removed from all chance interruption, and left free to follow out my own fancies and indulge my dreamy conceptions to my heart's content. It was then I used to revel in imaginings which sometimes soared into the boldest realms of ambition, and at others, strayed contemplatively in the humblest walks of obscure fortune. My crew never broke in upon these musings; indeed, old Tom Finerty's low croning song rather aided than interrupted them. He was not much given to talking, and a chance allusion to some vessel afar off, or some headland we were passing, were about the extent of his communicativeness, and even these often fell on my ear unnoticed.

It was thus, at night, we made the Hook Tower; and on the next day passed, in a spanking breeze, under the bold cliffs of Tramore, just catching, as the sun was sinking, the sight of Youghal Bay, and the tall headlands beyond it.

"The wind is drawing more to the nor'ard," said old Tom, as night closed in, "and the clouds look dirty."

"Bear her up a point or two," said I, "and let us stand in for Cork harbor, if it comes on to blow."

He muttered something in reply, but I did not catch the words, nor, indeed, cared I to hear them, for I had just wrapped myself in my boat-cloak, and, stretched at full length on the shingle ballast of the yawl, was gazing in rapture at the brilliancy of the starry sky above me. Light skiffs of feathery cloud would now and then flit past, and a peculiar hissing sound of the sea told, at the same time, that the breeze was freshening. But

old Tom had done his duty in mentioning this once; and thus having disburthened his conscience, he closehauled his mainsail, shifted the ballast a little to midships, and, putting up the collar of his pilot-coat, screwed himself tighter into the corner beside the tiller, and chewed his quid in quietness. The boy slept soundly in the bow, and I, lulled by the motion and the plashing waves, fell into a dreamy stupor, like a pleasant sleep. The pitching of the boat continued to increase, and twice or thrice, struck by a heavy sea, she lay over, till the white waves came tumbling in over her gunwale. I heard Tom call to his boy, something about the head-sail, but for the life of me I could not, or would not, arouse myself from a train of thought that I was following.

"She's a stout boat to stand this," said Tom, as he rounded her off, at a coming wave, which, even thus escaped, splashed over us like a cata-ract. "I know many a bigger craft would n't hold up her canvass under such a gale."

"Here it comes, father. Here's a squall," cried the boy; and, with a crash like thunder, the wind struck the sail, and laid the boy half-under.

"She'd float if she was full of water," said the old man, as the craft "righted."

"But maybe the spars would n't stand," said the boy, anxiously.

"'Tis what I'm thinking," rejoined the father. "There's a shake in the mast, below the caps."

"Tell him it's better to bear up, and go before it," whispered the lad, with a gesture towards where I was lying.

"Troth it's little he'd care," said the other; "besides, he's never pleased to be woken up."

"Here it comes again," cried the boy. But this time the squall swept past ahead of us, and the craft only reeled to the swollen waves, as they tore by.

"We'd better go about, sir," said Tom to me; "there's a heavy sea outside, and it's blowing hard now."

"And there's a split in the mast as long as my arm," cried the boy.

"I thought she'd live through any sea, Tom!" said I, laughing; for it was his constant boast that no weather could harm her.

"There goes the spar," shouted he, while with a loud snap the mast gave way, and fell with a crash over the side. The boat immediately came head to wind, and sea after sea broke upon her bow, and fell in great floods over us.

"Cut away the stays—clear the wreck," cried Tom, "before the squall catches her."

And although we now labored like men whose lives depend on the exertion, the trailing sail and heavy rigging, shifting the ballast as they fell, laid her completely over; and when the first sea struck her, over she went. The violence of the gale sent me a considerable distance out, and for several seconds I felt as though I should never reach the surface again. Wave after wave rolled over me, and seemed bearing me downwards with their weight. At last I grasped something; it

was a rope—a broken halyard—but by its means I gained the mast, which floated alongside of the yawl as she now lay keel uppermost. With what energy did I struggle to reach her! The space was scarcely a dozen feet, and yet it cost me what seemed an age to traverse. Through all the roaring of the breakers, and the crashing sounds of storm, I thought I could hear my comrades' voices shouting and screaming; but this was in all likelihood a mere deception, for I never saw them more.

Grasping with a death-grip the slippery keel, I hung on the boat through all the night. The gale continued to increase, and by day-break it blew a perfect hurricane. With an aching anxiety I watched for light to see if I were near the land, or if any ship were in sight, but when the sun rose nothing met my eyes but a vast expanse of waves tumbling and tossing in mad confusion, while overhead some streaked and mottled clouds were hurried along with the wind. Happily for me, I have no correct memory of that long day of suffering. The continual noise, but more, still, the incessant motion of sea and sky around, brought on a vertigo, that seemed like madness; and although the instinct of self-preservation remained, the wildest and most incoherent fancies filled my brain. Some of these were powerful enough to impress themselves upon my memory for years after, and one I have never yet been able to dispel. It clings to me in every season of unusual depression or dejection; it recurs in the half night-mare sleep of over-fatigue, and even invades me when, restless and feverish, I lie for hours incapable of repose. This is the notion that my state was one of after-life punishment; that I had died, and was now expiating a sinful life by the everlasting misery of a castaway. The fever, brought on by thirst and exhaustion and the burning sun which beamed down upon my uncovered head, soon completed the measure of this infatuation, and all sense and guidance left me.

By what instinctive impulse I still held on my grasp I cannot explain, but there I hung during the whole of that long, dreadful day, and the still more dreadful night, when the piercing cold cramped my limbs, and seemed as if freezing the very blood within me. It was no wish for life;—it was no anxiety to save myself that now filled me. It seemed like a vague impulse of necessity that compelled me to hang on. It was, as it were, part of that terrible sentence which made this my doom forever!

An utter unconsciousness must have followed this state, and a dreary blank, with flitting shapes of suffering, is all that remains to my recollection.

Probably within the whole range of human sensations, there is not one so perfect in its calm and soothing influence as the first burst of gratitude we feel when recovering from a long and severe illness! There is not an object, however humble and insignificant, that is not for the time invested with a new interest. The air is balmy,

the flowers are sweeter, the voices of friends, the smiles and kind looks, are dearer and fonder than we have ever known them. The whole world has put on a new aspect for us, and we have not a thought that is not teeming with forgiveness and affection. Such, in all their completeness, were my feelings as I lay on the poop-deck of a large three-masted ship, which, with studding and top-gallant sails all set, proudly held her course up the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

She was a Dantzic barque, the "*Hoffnung*," bound for Quebec, her only passengers being a Moravian minister and his wife, on their way to join a small German colony established near Lake Champlain. To Gottfried Kröller and his dear little wife I owe not life alone, but nearly all that has made it valuable. With means barely removed from absolute poverty, I found that they had spared nothing to assist in my recovery; for, when discovered, emaciation and wasting had so far reduced me that nothing but the most unremitting care and kindness could have succeeded in restoring me. To this end they bestowed not only their whole time and attention, but every little delicacy of their humble sea-store. All the little cordials and restoratives meant for a season of sickness or debility were lavished unsparingly on me, and every instinct of national thrift and carefulness gave way before the more powerful influence of Christian benevolence.

I can think of nothing but that bright morning, as I lay on a mattress on the deck, with the "*Pfarrer*" on one side of me, and his good little wife, Lyschen, on the other; he, with his volume of "*Wieland*," and she working away with her long knitting-needles, and never raising her head ~~say~~ to bestow a glance at the poor sick boy, whose bloodless lips were trying to mutter her name in thankfulness. It is like the most delicious dream as I think over those hours, when, rocked by the surging motion of the large ship, hearing in half distinctness the words of the "*Pfarrer's*" reading, I followed out little fancies—now self-originating, now rising from the theme of the poetess musings.

How softly the cloud shadows moved over the white sails and swept along the bright deck! How pleasantly the water rippled against the vessel's side! With what a glad sound the great ensign flapped and fluttered in the breeze! There was light, and life, and motion on every side, and I felt all the intoxication of enjoyment.

And like a dream was the portion of my life which followed. I accompanied the *Pfarrer* to a small settlement near "*Crownpoint*," where he was to take up his residence as minister. Here we lived amid a population of about four or five hundred Germans, principally from Pomerania, on the shores of the Baltic, a peaceful, thrifty, quiet set of beings, who, content with the little interests revolving around themselves, never troubled their heads about the great events of war or politics; and here in all likelihood should I have been content to pass my days, when an accidental journey

I made to Albany, to receive some letters for the Pfarrer, once more turned the fortune of my life.

It was a great incident in the quiet monotony of my life, when I set out one morning, arrayed in a full suit of coarse glossy black, with buttons like small saucers, and a hat whose brim almost protected my shoulders. I was, indeed, an object of very considerable envy to some, and, I hope, also, not denied the admiring approval of some others. Had the respectable city I was about to visit been the chief metropolis of a certain destination which I must not name, the warning I received about its dangers, dissipations, and seductions, could scarcely have been more earnest or impressive. I was neither to speak with, nor even to look at, those I met in the streets. I was carefully to avoid taking my meals at any of the public eating-houses, rigidly guarding myself from the contamination of even a chance acquaintance. It was deemed as needless to caution me against theatres or places of amusement, as to hint to me that I should not commit a highway robbery or a murder, and so, in sooth, I should myself have felt it. The patriarchal simplicity in which I had lived for above a year had not been without its effect in subduing exaggerated feeling, or controlling that passion for excitement so common to youth. I felt a kind of drowsy, dreamy languor over me, which I sincerely believed represented a pious and well-regulated temperament. Perhaps in time it might have become such. Perhaps with others, more happily constituted, the impression would have been confirmed and fixed; but in my case it was a mere lacquer, that the first rubbing in the world was sure to brush off.

I arrived safely at Albany, and having presented myself at the bank of Gabriel Shultze, was desired to call the following morning, when all the letters and papers of Gottfried Kröllner should be delivered to me. A very cold invitation to supper was the only hospitality extended to me. This I declined, on pretext of weariness, and set out to explore the town, to which my long residence in rural life imparted a high degree of interest.

I don't know what it may now be; doubtless a great capital, like one of the European cities; but at the time I speak of, Albany was a strange, incongruous assemblage of stores and wooden houses, great buildings like granaries, with whole streets of low sheds around them, where, open to the passer-by, men worked at various trades, and people followed out the various duties of domestic life in sight of the public; daughters knitted and sewed; mothers cooked and nursed their children; men eat, and worked, and smoked, and sang, as if in all the privacy of closed dwellings, while a thick current of population poured by, apparently too much immersed in their own cares, or too much accustomed to the scene, to give it more than passing notice.

It was curious how one bred and born in the great city of Paris, with all its sights and sounds, and scenes of excitement and display, could have been so rusticated by time as to feel a lively

interest in surveying the motley aspect of this quaint town. There were, it is true, features in the picture very unlike the figures in "Old World" landscape. A group of red men seated around a fire in the open street, or a squaw carrying on her back a baby, firmly tied to a piece of curved bark; a southern stater, with a spanking wagon-team, and two grinning negroes behind, were new and strange elements in the life of a city. Still, the mere movement, the actual busy stir and occupation of the inhabitants, attracted me as much as anything else; and the shops and stalls where trades were carried on were a seduction I could not resist.

The strict puritanism in which I had lately lived taught me to regard all these things with a certain degree of distrust. They were the impulses of that gold-seeking passion of which Gottfried had spoken so frequently; they were the great vice of that civilization, whose luxurious tendency he often deplored; and here, now, more than one half around me were arts that only ministered to voluptuous tastes. Brilliant articles of jewellery; gay cloaks, worked with wampum, in Indian taste; ornamental turning, and costly weapons, inlaid with gold and silver, succeeding each other, street after street; and the very sight of them, however pleasurable to the eye, set me a moralizing, in a strain that would have done credit to a son of Geneva. It might have been, that, in my enthusiasm, I uttered half aloud what I intended for soliloquy; or perhaps some gesture, or peculiarity of manner, had the effect; but so it was; I found myself an object of notice; and my queer-cut coat and wide hat, contrasting so strangely with my youthful appearance and slender make, drew many a criticism on me.

"He ain't a Quaker, that's a fact," cried one, "for they don't wear black."

"He's a down-easter—a horse-jockey chap, I'll be bound," cried another. "They put on all manner of disguises and 'masqueroonings.' I know 'em."

"He's a calf preacher—a young bottle-nosed Gospeller," broke in a thick, short fellow, like the skipper of a merchant ship. "Let's have him out for a preachment."

"Ay, you're right," chimed in another. "I'll get you a sugar hogshead in no time," and away he ran on the mission.

Between twenty and thirty persons had now collected; and I saw myself, to my unspeakable shame and mortification, the centre of all their looks and speculations. A little more *aplomb* or knowledge of life would have taught me coolness enough in a few words to undeceive them; but such a task was far above me now; and I saw nothing for it but flight. Could I only have known which way to take, I need not have feared any pursuer, for I was a capital runner, and in high condition, but of the locality I was utterly ignorant, and should only surrender myself to mere chance. With a bold rush, then, I dashed right through the crowd, and set off down the

street, the whole crew after me. The dusk of the closing evening was in my favor; and although volunteers were enlisted in the chase at every corner and turning, I distanced them, and held on my way in advance. My great object being not to turn on my course, lest I should come back to my starting point, I directed my steps nearly straight onward, clearing apple-stalls and fruit tables at a bound; and more than once taking a flying leap over an Indian's fire, when the mad shouts of the red man would swell the chorus that followed me. At last I reached a network of narrow lanes and alleys, by turning and wending through which, I speedily found myself in a quiet secluded spot, with here and there a flickering candle-light from the windows, but no other sign of habitation. I looked anxiously about for an open door; but they were all safe barred and fastened; and it was only on turning a corner I spied what seemed to me a little shop, with a solitary lamp over the entrance. A narrow canal, crossed by a rickety old bridge, led to this; and the moment I had crossed over, I seized the single plank which formed the footway, and shoved it into the stream. My retreat being thus secured, I opened the door, and entered. It was a barber's shop; at least, so a great chair before a cracked old looking-glass, with some well-worn combs and brushes, bespoke it; but the place seemed untenanted, and, although I called aloud several times, none came or responded to my summons.

I now took a survey of the spot, which seemed of the poorest imaginable. A few empty pomatum pots, a case of razors that might have defied the most determined suicide, and a half-finished wig on a block painted like a red man, were the entire stock in trade. On the walls, however, were some colored prints of the battles of the French army in Germany and Italy. Exceedingly done things they were, but full of meaning and interest to my eyes in spite of that. With all the faults of drawing and all the travesties of costume, I could recognize different corps of the service, and my heart bounded as I gazed on the tall shakos swarming to a breach, or the loose jacket as it floated from the hussar in a charge. All the wild pleasures of soldiering rose once more to my mind, and I thought over old comrades who doubtless were now earning the high rewards of their bravery in the great career of glory. And as I did so, my own image confronted me in the glass, as with long, lank hair, and a great bolster of a white cravat, I stood before it. What a contrast!—how unlike the smart Hussar, with curling locks and fierce moustache! Was I as much changed in heart as in looks? Had my spirit died out within me? Would the proud notes of the bugle or the trumpet fall meaningless on my ears, or the hoarse cry of "Charge!" send no bursting fullness to my temples? Ay, even these coarse representations stirred the blood in my veins, and my step grew firmer as I walked the room.

In a passionate burst of enthusiasm I tore off my slouched hat and hurled it from me. It felt like

the badge of some ignoble slavery, and I determined to endure it no longer. The noise of the act called up a voice from the inner room, and a man, to all appearance suddenly roused from sleep, stood at the door. He was evidently young, but poverty, dissipation, and raggedness made the question of his age a difficult one to solve. A light-colored moustache and beard covered all the lower part of his face, and his long blonde hair fell heavily over his shoulders.

"Well," cried he, half angrily, "what's the matter; are you so impatient that you must smash the furniture?"

Although the words were spoken as correctly as I have written them, they were uttered with a foreign accent; and, hazarding the stroke, I answered him in French by apologizing for the noise.

"What! a Frenchman," exclaimed he, "and in that dress; what can that mean?"

"If you'll shut your door, and cut off pursuit of me, I'll tell you everything," said I, "for I hear the voices of people coming down that street in front."

"I'll do better," said he, quickly, "I'll upset the bridge, and they cannot come over."

"That's done already," replied I; "I shoved it into the stream as I passed."

He looked at me steadily for a moment without speaking, and then, approaching close to me, said, "Parbleu! the act was very unlike your costume!" At the same time he shut the door, and drew a strong bar across it. This done, he turned to me once more—"Now for it; who are you, and what has happened to you?"

"As to what I am," replied I, imitating his own abruptness, "my dress will almost save the trouble of explaining; these Albany folk, however, would make a field-preacher of me, and to escape them I took to flight."

"Well, if a fellow will wear his hair that fashion, he must take the consequence," said he, drawing out my long lank locks as they hung over my shoulders. "And so you would n't hold forth for them; not even give them a stave of a conventicle chant." He kept his eyes riveted on me as he spoke, and then seizing two pieces of stick from the firewood, he beat on the table the rantan-plan of the French drum. "That's the music you know best, lad, eh!—that's the air, which, if it has not led heavenward, has conducted many a brave fellow out of this world at least: do you forget it?"

"Forget it! no," cried I; "but who are you; and how comes it that—that?"—I stopped in confusion at the rudeness of the question I had begun.

"That I stand here, half-fed, and all but naked; a barber in a land where men don't shave once a month. Parbleu! they'd come even seldomer to my shop if they knew how tempted I feel to draw the razor sharp and quick across the gullet of a fellow with a well-stocked pouch."

As he continued to speak, his voice assumed a

tone and cadence that sounded familiarly to my ears as I stared at him in amazement.

"Not know me yet?" exclaimed he, laughing; "and yet all this poverty and squalor is n't as great a disguise as your own, Tiernay. Come, lad, rub your eyes a bit, and try if you can't recognize an old comrade."

"I know you, yet cannot remember how or where we met," said I, in bewilderment.

"I'll refresh your memory," said he, crossing his arms, and drawing himself proudly up. "If you can trace back in your mind to a certain hot and dusty day, on the Metz road, when you, a private in the seventh Hussars, were eating an onion and a slice of black bread for your dinner, a young officer, well looking and well mounted, cantered up, and threw you his brandy flask. Your acknowledgment of the civility showed you to be a gentleman; and the acquaintance thus opened soon ripened into intimacy."

"But he was the young Marquis de Saint Trone," said I, perfectly remembering the incident.

"Or Eugene Santron, of the republic army, or the barber at Albany, without any name at all," said he, laughing. "What, Maurice, don't you know me yet?"

"What, the lieutenant of my regiment! the dashing officer of Hussars!"

"Just so, and as ready to resume the old skin as ever," cried he, "and brandish a weapon somewhat longer, and perhaps somewhat sharper, too, than a razor."

We shook hands with all the cordiality of old comrades, meeting far away from home, and in a land of strangers; and although each was full of curiosity to learn the other's history, a kind of reserve held back the inquiry, till Santron said, "My confession is soon made, Maurice; I left the service in the Meuse, to escape being shot. One day, on returning from a field manœuvre, I discovered that my portmanteau had been opened, and a number of letters and papers taken out. They were part of a correspondence I held with old General Lamarre, about the restoration of the Bourbons—a subject, I'm certain, that half the officers in the army were interested in, and, even to Bonaparte himself, deeply implicated in, too. No matter, my treason, as they called it, was too flagrant, and I had just twenty minutes' start of the order which was issued for my arrest, to make my escape into Holland. There I managed to pass several months in various disguises, part of the time being employed as a Dutch spy, and actually charged with an order to discover tidings of myself, until I finally got away in an Antwerp schooner, to New York. From that time my life has been nothing but a struggle, a hard one, too, with actual want, for, in this land of enterprise and activity, mere intelligence, without some craft or calling, will do nothing.

"I tried fifty things—to teach riding, and when I mounted into the saddle, I forgot everything but my own enjoyment, and caracolled, and plunged,

and passaged, till the poor beast had n't a leg to stand on; fencing, and I got into a duel with a rival teacher, and ran him through the neck, and was obliged to fly from Halifax; French, I made love to my pupil, a pretty looking Dutch braulieu, whose father did n't smile on our affection; and so on, I descended from a dancing-master to a waiter, a *lacques de place*, and at last settled down as a barber, which brilliant speculation I had just determined to abandon this very night, for to-morrow morning, Maurice, I start for New York and France again; ay, boy, and you'll go with me. This is no land for either of us."

"But I have found happiness, at least contentment, here," said I, gravely.

"What! play the hypocrite with an old comrade! shame on you, Maurice," cried he. "It is these confounded locks have perverted the boy," added he, jumping up, and, before I knew what he was about, he had shorn my hair, in two quick cuts of the scissors, close to the head. "There," said he, throwing the cut-off hair towards me, "there lies all your saintship; depend upon it, boy, they'd hunt you out of the settlement if you came back to them cropped in this fashion."

"But you return to certain death, Santron," said I; "your crime is too recent to be forgiven or forgotten."

"Not a bit of it; Fouché, Cassaubon, and a dozen others, now in office, were deeper than I was. There's not a public man in France could stand an exposure, or hazard recrimination. It's a thieves' amnesty at this moment, and I must not lose the opportunity. I'll show you letters that will prove it, Maurice; for, poor and ill-fed as I am, I like life just as well as ever I did. I mean to be a general of division one of these days, and so will you too, lad, if there's any spirit left in you."

Thus did Santron rattle on, sometimes of himself and his own future; sometimes discussing mine; for, while talking, he had contrived to learn all the chief particulars of my history, from the time of my sailing from La Rochelle for Ireland.

The unlucky expedition afforded him great amusement, and he was never weary of laughing at all our adventures and mischances in Ireland. Of Humbert, he spoke as a fourth or fifth-rate man, and actually shocked me by all the heresies he uttered against our generals, and the plan of campaign; but, perhaps, I could have borne even these better than the sarcasms and sneers at the little life of "the settlement." He treated all my efforts at defence as mere hypocrisy, and affected to regard me as a mere knave, that had traded on the confiding kindness of these simple villagers. I could not deceive him on this head; nor, what was more, could I satisfy my own conscience that he was altogether in the wrong; for, with a diabolical ingenuity, he had contrived to hit on some of the most vexatious doubts which disturbed my mind, and instinctively to detect the secret cares and difficulties that beset me. The lesson should never be lost on us, that the devil was depicted

as a sneerer! I verily believe the powers of temptation have no such advocacy as sarcasm. Many can resist the softest seductions of vice; many are proof against all the blandishments of mere enjoyment, come in what shape it will; but how few can stand firm against the assaults of clever irony, or hold fast to their convictions when assailed by the sharp shafts of witty depreciation!

I'm ashamed to own how little I could oppose to all his impertinences about our village, and its habits; or how impossible I found it not to laugh at his absurd descriptions of a life which, without having ever witnessed, he depicted with a rare accuracy. He was shrewd enough not to push this ridicule offensively, and long before I knew it I found myself regarding, with his eyes, a picture in which, but a few months back, I stood as a fore-ground figure. I ought to confess, that no artificial aid was derived from either good cheer, or the graces of hospitality; we sat by a miserable lamp, in a wretchedly cold chamber, our sole solace some bad cigars, and a can of flat stale cider.

"I have not a morsel to offer you to eat, Maurice, but to-morrow we'll breakfast on my razors, dine on that old looking-glass, and sup on two hard brushes and the wig!"

Such were the brilliant pledges, and we closed a talk which the flickering lamp at last put an end to.

A broken, unconnected conversation followed for a little time, but at length, worn out and wearied, each dropped off to sleep—Eugene on the straw settle, and I in the old chair—never to awake till the bright sun was streaming in between the shutters, and dancing merrily on the tiled floor.

An hour before I awoke he had completed the

sale of all his little stock in trade, and, with a last look round the spot where he had passed some months of struggling poverty, out we sallied into the town.

"We'll breakfast at Jonathan Hone's," said Santron. "It's the first place here. I'll treat you to rump steaks, pumpkin pie, and a gin twister that will astonish you. Then, while I'm arranging for our passage down the Hudson, you'll see the hospitable banker, and tell him how to forward all his papers, and so forth, to the settlement, with your respectful compliments and regrets, and the rest of it."

"But am I to take leave of them in this fashion?" asked I.

"Without you want me to accompany you there, I think it's by far the best way," said he, laughingly. "If, however, you think that my presence and companionship will add any lustre to your position, say the word and I'm ready. I know enough of the barber's craft now to make up a head 'en Puritan,' and, if you wish, I'll pledge myself to impose upon the whole colony."

Here was a threat there was no mistaking; and any imputation of ingratitude on my part were far preferable to the thought of such an indignity. He saw his advantage at once, and boldly declared that nothing should separate us.

"The greatest favor, my dear Maurice, you can ever expect at my hands is, never to speak of this freak of yours; or, if I do, to say that you performed the part to perfection."

My mind was in one of those moods of change when the slightest impulse is enough to sway it, and, more from this cause than all his persuasion, I yielded; and the same evening saw me gliding down the Hudson, and admiring the bold Kaatskills, on our way to New York.

EGGS OF THE EPIORNIS.—Until very lately, ostrich eggs were regarded as the largest in existence, but they are mere dwarfs when compared with those which M. de Malanau has just sent over from the island of Reunion, and which are to be placed in the Paris Museum. Their history is as follows:—In 1850, M. Abadie, a captain in the merchant service, saw in the hands of a Malagasy, a gigantic perforated egg. The information obtained from the natives led to the discovery of two other equally large eggs, and some bones. These were all sent to Paris; but one of the eggs was unluckily broken. The others arrived in safety, and M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire has presented them to the Academy. These eggs differ from each other in form; one has its two ends very unequal; the other approaches nearly to the form of an ellipsoid. The dimensions of the latter are:—Largest diameter, 12½ inches; smallest diameter, 8½ do.; largest circumference, 33½ do.; smallest circumference, 28½ do. The thickness of the shell is about the eighth of an inch. This great Madagascar egg would contain about seventeen English pints, and its gross volume is six times that of an ostrich egg, and equal to 148 ordinary hen eggs. The first question to be decided was—Are these the eggs of a bird or of a reptile? The structure of the shells, which is strictly analogous to that of the eggs belonging to large birds with rudimentary wings, would have sufficed to determine the question; but it has been completely set at rest by the nature of the bones which were sent with them. One of them is the

inferior extremity of the great metatarsal bone of the left side; the three-jointed apophyses exist, two of them being nearly perfect. Even a person unskilled in comparative anatomy cannot fail to see that these are the remains of a bird. The gigantic bird of Madagascar, or *epiornis*, appears to have differed in many respects from the *struthionidae*, and may henceforward become the type of a new species in the group of *rudipenna* or *brevipenna*. The height of the *epiornis*, according to the most careful calculations made by comparative anatomists, must have been about twelve English feet, or about two feet higher than the largest of the extinct birds (*dinornis*) of New Zealand. According to the natives of the Sakalamas tribe, this immense creature, although extremely rare, still exists. In other parts of the island, however, no traces of belief in its present being can be found. But there is a very ancient and universally-received tradition amongst the natives relative to a bird of colossal size, which used to slay a bull, and feed on the flesh. To this bird the Malagasies assign the gigantic eggs lately found in their island.

WHEN Chateaubriand published his work entitled "The Genius of Christianity," some one observed, that in attempting to show the beauties of the Christian religion he had lost sight of its eternal truth. Another critic said, that the genius in the book was small, and the Christianity less.

From Chambers' Journal.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

March, 1851.

SCOTTISH men may plume themselves somewhat on a matter connected with the Exhibition; their stall in the Crystal Palace, with its display of goods and cunning handiwork, is the first finished. The special merit belongs to the worthy burghers of the little town of Dunfermline. Now that the building can be seen in all its complete proportions, with the painting and decorations so far advanced as to produce an effect, its attraction increases; and the crowds that flock to Hyde Park, favored by the present fine weather, constitute already a "fair" of such magnitude, as to remind you of the great gatherings talked about in history. Venders of cakes, cigars, fruit, sweetmeats, and potables, occupy the approaches; while itinerant retailers of "Splendid Engravings of Mr. Paxton's Palace of Glass," one penny each, and "Correct History and Descriptions of the Crystal Palace," only sixpence, walk up and down, and entice customers among the multitudes. The southern end of the transept looks remarkably imposing, with its decorations of white and blue, and circle of numerals to mark the hours of the electric-clock there to be set up; and, whatever may have been predicted of the *tout ensemble*, whether of the inside or outside, the fault-finders are now in a minority. Notwithstanding the host of onlookers, the various works are going on with systematic celerity; sappers and miners, policemen, artificers, and porters, each man has a certain task assigned him, with regulations to prevent interference of the numerous groups. "Mind your work!" is the order of the day; and with pass-tickets and counter-checks due order is preserved over the vast establishment. Of course you know what has been published touching the admission charges, but there will be no harm in repeating them. Season tickets, of which 4000 have been already sold, are to be three guineas for a gentleman, and two guineas for a lady; and on the first day of opening, none but the holders of these tickets are to be admitted. On the two following days the charge will be a sovereign per head, and from the 4th to the 24th of May, five shillings per head; after which, on the first four days of every week, it will be one shilling only; on Fridays it will be half-a-crown, on Saturdays, five shillings, as long as the show lasts. Thus all parties will have an opportunity to gratify their curiosity according to their means, leisure, or inclination. The thousands of handicraftsmen and operatives in our northern counties who make Whitsuntide an especial holiday, will be able to come up in June, with their wives and children, and see the famous Exhibition—something to talk about for the rest of their lives. Eighteen acres of show for a shilling!—less than three farthings an acre! Lodgings for workmen are being fitted up on a large scale in Westminster, where cheap beds, cheap food, cleanliness, and security, and a line of conveyance to the Park, are the claims put forward for the allurements of guests. Householders with spare rooms and spare beds are everywhere on the alert; those who never turned a penny in their lives before mean to do so now. Tradesmen, too, are laying their plans for transferring coin from the pockets of visitors to their own. Booksellers, in particular, are active with guide-books, maps of the metropolis, and cautions, directions, and descriptions, at all prices; disdain-

ing not "the exiguous sixpence," or its cupriferous unit. And, not to be behind-hand, omnibuses are already placarded, "To the Exhibition—all the way—threepence;" or have the word EXHIBITION painted in large capitals on their varnished sides. Whether locomotion is to be possible in our thoroughfares or on our river, when the additional battalions of omnibuses, cabs, and steamboats enter the field, is a problem which midsummer will solve much more accurately than any present speculation.

Goods for show, native as well as foreign, are pouring in fast, numerous and various. France is to send us 800,000*l.* worth; Italy and Switzerland mean to beat us—if they can; Sardinia has just sent her quota of industrial and artistic ingenuity; and before these lines are printed, the *St. Lawrence*, a United States frigate, will have arrived with her multifarious cargo of Yankee notions; besides the *Susquehanna*, a war-steamer, which in herself is to exhibit the skill of American ship-builders, and also to bring specimens of what can be done by the mechanics and artisans of Philadelphia—the city of brotherly love, as it is often called by Brother Jonathan. Among the articles for exhibition from the state of New York, we are to have sawing-machines, gold-mounted harness, fire and water proof paint; springs for chairs, bedsteads, and railway-seats; brooms, bridges, stoves, sleighs, books, telegraphs, steamers, teeth, hats, coat and trousers, bonnets; a herbarium of 300 plants, and paintings of native wild-flowers—the last two by ladies. The specimens of leather will, it is said, present some extraordinary qualities; and daguerreotype-machines are talked of which will take pictures exceeding in dimensions all that has hitherto been attempted or accomplished in that department of art. If every state in the Union is to send in the like proportion, the *St. Lawrence* will be stowed to repletion, and the Crystal Palace will have to concede a good breadth of territory; the more so, as we are promised a multitudinous throng of the makers of the interesting articles above enumerated. So many, indeed, have made up their mind to come over, that a packet is to sail from New York *daily* for their conveyance. It will be a rare time for ethnologists and social philosophers to study the genus *homo*—to compare transatlantic and Gallic republicans; Kentucks and Kalmucks; Brazilians and Belgians; Indians and Icelanders; Poles and Patagonians! The concourse will be a noteworthy one, and well worth a pilgrimage to the metropolis to look at it.

The printing of the catalogue of the Exhibition is rapidly proceeding. There are to be editions in French and German, besides two in English; of the latter, the most complete will comprise some thousand pages, as numerous illustrations are promised of the articles exhibited. An abridgment, however, for popular use will be sold in the building for one shilling; and we are given to understand that it shall specify all the objects on show, and contain references to their positions, so that sight-seers may find whatever they want. The price of the foreign catalogues will be half-a-crown; all the editions are to be ready by the first of May. It is considered that their publication affords a capital opportunity to advertisers. I heard the other day that a well-known clothing firm had offered 850*l.* for the outside-end cover of the catalogue as an advertisement page, and that their offer had not been accepted. The sum asked is said to be 1000*l.*

Apart from what America is to do apropos of the Exhibition, a few items of invention have lately come to hand from the western republic, which I may as well chronicle before proceeding further. One is, "an improved method of manufacturing drop-shot," of which the patentee states—"The main feature of my invention consists in causing the fused metal to fall through an ascending current of air, which shall travel at such a velocity that the dropping metal shall come in contact with the same number or more particles of air, in a short tower, than it would in falling through the high towers heretofore found necessary." Another, which is said to prevent fatigue in walking, "consists in making a hollow metallic heel for boots and shoes, in two parts, one placed within the other, with a spring between them, to support the weight of the body, and prevent the unpleasant shocks produced by the concussion of the ordinary boot-heel upon a hard surface, when the wearer is walking fast." Boots, as you know, are criticized as severely as hats—both alike condemned as detrimental to human comfort: if the spring-heels prove a step towards reform, we on this side the ocean shall not be slow to make trial of them. Then there is a man in Massachusetts who has contrived an "improved table for ships' cabins," intended especially for the use of sea-going vessels—the particular object of the invention being, "to always preserve the top surface of the table horizontal in a transverse direction, during the motions of the vessel produced by the sea or otherwise." This table, which may be pronounced a "trimmer," comes just in time to suit the crowd of adventurers who mean to tempt old Neptune's playfulness during the next six months. Another strengthens spoon-handles by means of a wire concealed within their substance. Another has a sausage-machine, "by the action of which the meat is minced or ground, and the sausage stuffed, at one operation." Another makes rakes with spring teeth; another brooms and brushes, handle and all, out of one and the same piece of wood, or whatever may be the material used. Another rejoices in an "improvement for cleansing bottles;" another in "an improvement in securing hooks-and-eyes to tape and dresses;" a "machine for turning leaves of books"—a desideratum with pianofortists and drowsy lecturers; and another produces buttons from straw. Well may this be called the utilitarian age! But the list is not ended yet: there is an improved sun-dial which, with a "shadow-indicator" attached to the gnomon, tells you not only the hour, but the day and name of the month all through the year. More ingenious, perhaps, than useful, especially in a land where clockmakers are so numerous and clocks so cheap. Next come "railroad-gates," which open and shut of themselves whenever a train passes; and, last for the present, "a life-preserving hammock"—an article worthy of more than passing consideration, with the late melancholy steamboat accidents fresh in our memory. It "consists in the construction of a hollow, sectional, airtight hammock, of India-rubber cloth, to be inflated with air, and provided with a provision-pouch, pillow, water-pouch, inflating tubes and valves, loops and toggles, slings, thimbles, lanyards, and other appendages, by which it is made to serve the purposes of a hammock-mattress, and, in case of shipwreck, as a life-preserver; also as canoe and pontoon, for the support of a bridge-raft, for the removal of cargoes from stranded ships, barricades against the small shot of the enemy during an

action, or for other purposes." The catalogue of uses is certainly sufficiently extensive: if the inventor have tact as well as talent, he will send a few over in the *Susquehanna*.

Enough, however, for the moment, of transatlantic projects: I must tell you of a few other talked-of matters. The Academy of Sciences at Munich has appointed five commissioners for the physical exploration of Bavaria; the department of botanical geography falls to Martius, a foreign member of some of our learned societies, and well known for his scientific writings on vegetable productions and phenomena. Then our Geographical Society has had a little wind-fall, which has set some tongues in motion. It appears that a year or two ago the Pope appointed Dr. Knobelecher, an Austrian, vicar-general of a mission to Central Africa. After staying for some time among the Maronites of Lebanon, the reverend envoy travelled on at the end of 1849 to Khartoum, the point where the Nile diverges into what are known as the White Fork and Blue Fork. The doctor pursued his journey along the former of the two, up to about four degrees from the equator, where he ascended a mountain called Logwek, from the top of which he saw the river trending away in a south-westerly direction, until it was lost among the mountains. The stream at the farthest point reached was more than 200 yards wide, and from 9 to 18 feet deep. If not interrupted by rapids or shallows, what availabilities would not such a channel afford for navigation! The doctor believes that the source of the river will be found at the equator; and having come to Europe to advise and recruit, intends to return to the torrid zone forthwith, and hopes to be again among the Bari negroes—the most distant tribe which he saw—by November next. We can but wish success to his further explorations; for the geography of Central Africa is not less interesting to us than that of the Arctic regions, on which so much endeavor and money have been expended.

I did not mean to say anything more about America in this gossip, but there is one little item relating to travel which presses for notice. It is, that a high-pressure steamer, fifty-five feet in length, with two engines of ten-horse power each, has been built at New York for service on Lake Titicaca, in Peru. It is of course made to take to pieces, and no piece is to weigh more than 350 pounds, so as not to be too heavy for the mules on whose backs it will have to be carried up the Andes to its destination. The lake is so extensive, as to be worthy the name of an inland sea; and besides the valuable wood which grows in abundance on its shores, there are other products out of which commerce knows how to extract a profit. Should the first vessel succeed, she will be speedily followed by a consort. Frequently in such enterprises as these, which make but little noise, and scarcely excite attention, the germ is deposited of vast social changes, which in after years puzzle alike the politician and philosopher.

It is some time since I afflicted you with any details of social statistics, so you must permit me now to call your attention to one or two from the last "Quarterly Return" of the Registrar-General. He tells us, that, "in their general character, the returns of the last quarter of 1850 are highly favorable, and imply a happier condition of the population at the close than at the commencement of the year. While fewer lives have been lost by epidemics, the marriages and births have increased." The

marriages are given for the quarter ending September 30th. The number was 37,496—"more by 10,000 than were registered in the summer quarter of 1842; and 2,400 more than have been returned in the summer quarter of any previous years. Allowing for increase of population, the proportion of marriages is greater than it has been in the same season of any year since the registration commenced." This increase has been general all over the country, excepting the eastern and south-eastern counties; and, singularly enough, we find it greatest in the weaving districts. "In the purely agricultural counties," continues the registrar, "marriage went on slowly, but steadily; in all the iron and coal fields, at but a slightly increasing rate; while in all the counties peopled by the workers in lace, silk, wool, and cotton, the number of marriages—of new families established—has increased at a rate of which there are few examples in the returns of the last hundred years." Then we are told that "the births in the quarter following, which ended on December 31, 1850, were also the greatest number ever registered in the autumn quarters of any previous year: 146,268 children were born in the three months. The births are in general most numerous in the spring quarter, and were so in the spring of 1850: they have since greatly exceeded the numbers registered in previous years in all the divisions of the kingdom, whether agricultural or manufacturing, in counties ravaged by cholera, and in counties left unscathed by that plague." Thus it would seem as though nature were eager to repair the loss caused by sweeping visitations of the fierce epidemic. "The excess of births registered over deaths in the quarter is 54,245. The usual excess is 40,000 more births than deaths. The excess in the last quarter of 1845 was 50,000; in 1847, when influenza was epidemic, only 24,000; in 1849, when the cholera epidemic was rapidly declining, 38,000. During the whole of the year 1850, the births were 593,567, the deaths 369,679, and consequently the excess of births over deaths was 223,888 in England: the same year 280,843 emigrants sailed from the shores of the United Kingdom—214,606 (many of them of Irish birth) from England, 15,154 from Scotland, and 51,083 from Ireland. The number of births and deaths in Scotland and Ireland is unknown; and the census alone can disclose at what precise rate the population increases; but we know that the new births more than replace the vast armies of peaceful emigrants that every year assemble without much noise, and, led apparently by the same kind of divine instinct that directs other migrations, leave their native land to seek homes in regions prepared for them all over the world."

Now, about a book or two, and then to finish: people who read French literature are talking of "Whims and Levities," recently published at Paris. The author, M. Petit-Senn, says, by way of sample, "People often find themselves cleverer in thinking of what they might have said, than in remembering what they really did say." Again—"We can find a day to enjoy a pleasure, but seek for an hour to acquit ourselves of a duty." And—"Great legislators, in enlightening a people, raise them up to themselves; tribunes, who seek but to delude, sink down to their level." Another subject is, "Directions for the preservation of English Antiquities," by the secretary of the Society of Antiquaries; a small pamphlet, intended chiefly for the instruction of the humbler classes, who often, through ignorance, deface or destroy objects

of antiquity which fall into their possession. And last is Mr. Johnston's "England as it is," &c.—a work worth reading, notwithstanding the author's strictures on nearly the whole scope of our political and social life. With him all is barren; nothing to inspire promise or hope. I send you a specimen, which perhaps will hit the views of many besides the writer. He is complaining of the unhealthy desire manifested to get into company, and says—"To see men of science pursuing knighthoods, and ribbons, and decorations—men of literature anxious to rub their skirts to dull dukes or leaden lords—members of parliament propitiated by tickets to a state ball—professional men who scarcely allow themselves an hour of recreation—to see all this, and the pompous, hot, heavy dinners—the parade, the waste, the prodigality of expense, the poverty of sense, cheerfulness, and cordiality—is certainly enough to abate one's pride in the social philosophy of England, whatever we may say of the energy, enterprise, ability, and perseverance of the people in affairs of business." And with this demonstration of authorship against custom and fashion, I cease to tax your patience until the equinox has come and gone—and then!

From Chambers' Journal.

"I SWEEPS THE CROSSING."

SOME time ago there was a little boy introduced to one of the police-offices in London, as a witness of some offence, who astonished the magistrate and the audience by the betrayal of a degree of ignorance hardly conceivable. If he had been the child of an Australian savage, and now for the first time brought into contact with civilized men, he could not have been more utterly destitute of knowledge either of the things of this life, or of the hopes of that which is to come. And the wretched boy seemed to feel his degradation; for it was with a gloomy look and a sullen voice he gave in his perpetual "No" to the interrogatories that were intended to ascertain whether he possessed the common intelligence of a human being. But there was at length one question put—"How do you get your living?"—which roused him from his stupor; and suddenly raising his head, and looking boldly round him into the eyes that were fixed upon his, he answered, in a clear voice, "I sweeps the crossing!" He did not know how to read or write; he did not know that falsehood was less commendable than truth; he did not know that there was a God; he did not know that there was a future state.

"My poor boy," said the magistrate, in a voice of wonder and compassion, "What do you know?"

"I knows how to sweep the crossing!" And straightway the boy felt as if there was some link between his questioners and himself, as if he was not wholly an outcast from the social system, as if he had a place and a position in the world, and as if he had a right to be in it.

This is a true interpretation of the boy's look and tone; and we venture to affirm that a corresponding change took place in the estimate formed of him by the bystanders. Their compassion remained, but their contempt was gone. They unconsciously admitted his claims. They regarded him as one of themselves, only more hardly treated by fortune; and low as his post was in the general system, they knew that it belonged to it as well as their own. They lamented his ignorance; they execrated the neglect with which he had been treated by his natural guardians; but nevertheless

they respected that boy as having something to do in the community, and as knowing how to do it.

The idea we are trying to bring out will be comprehended with painful distinctness by those who have had the misfortune to be thrown into temporary want of employment. Such persons will easily call to mind that their uneasy thoughts about the future recurred only at intervals, while their permanent state of mind was composed of a feeling of isolation and insignificance. A barrier was between them and their employed brethren; they had no part in the general business; their presence was an interruption and a reproach; and they stole along the street like criminals and castaways. They made way, with a feeling of unconscious respect, for the porter staggering along under his load. They stood aside to let the living current pass, with their thoughtful eyes, determined step, and preoccupied minds. For themselves they were nothing—worse than nothing; they were an exception to the rule, a discord in the harmony—a blot, an excess, a superfluity; they had not a crossing to sweep in all the highways of the wide world!

There is another class who might seem to be in a very different position; those who are idle from choice, or from want of energy. But if we consider their lot we find so many analogies between them and the compulsory idler, that we almost come to the conclusion that want of employment is no negative, but a positive substantive thing, whose properties are only slightly modified by the character of the subjects on which they act. They belong to the class who are said to be born with a silver spoon in their mouths—a self-acting spoon, which fills the mouth without troubling the hand. It might seem, at first view, that such persons had nothing to do but to sit still and submit patiently to the comforts and luxuries of life; but if we examine them a little closer, we find them amenable to the same law of work as their fellows, and subject to the same penalties for its contravention. The boy of this class studies as hard, and learns as much at school as any other boy; and when he arrives at manhood he seeks out a crossing for himself, and applies himself to it as energetically as if his bread depended on his industry. Some of these voluntary workers are farmers, some magistrates, some statesmen, some one thing, some another; each prides himself on a particular line; and all yoke themselves quietly, and as a matter of course, in the great harness of the commonwealth. Their money purchases anything but rest; their independence is no independence of toil; and for the one avenue of anxiety in their case closed, a hundred others are open which their humbler brethren know nothing about.

If such persons resemble the workers of the other classes, so do the optional idlers of all resemble each other. The difference is merely conventional; the real character is the same. Ignorance, stupidity, and profligacy, are only superficially different in a cellar and a palace; and in both they draw down the contempt of the world. If the idleness is mere indolence—if it escapes temptation through want of sensibility, and the individual is only negatively virtuous because he has not energy enough to be vicious, then he passes, in whatever station he may be, with simple disregard. The rank of one may excite the admiration of the vulgar, just as the rags of another may be looked upon as adjuncts of the picturesque; but in both cases the wearer, be he lord or beggar, is a complete nonentity.

Generally speaking, men of all stations are trained from their boyhood to work in some way or other; and the optional idlers are the Pariahs and outcasts of their class. But with women the case is for the most part different; and this, we venture to surmise, is the true reason why the stigma of frivolity attaches in a peculiar manner to the sex. A woman of the lower rank is rarely frivolous, because work is compulsory with her; while in the higher rank it is only a comparatively small number who, yielding to a natural taste, choose their own crossings, whether in art, needlework, music, housekeeping, economy, or any other department. Such women, however common the taste may be, have a definite place in society—there is no mistake about them; and their opinion is always listened to with respect on their own subject. They are not liable to be passed over without notice, or to be grouped in classes, or spoken of as abstractions. "Who is that?" said one of the women-workers whose crossing is literature, addressing us at an evening party—"I never know one young lady from another; they seem to me to be all sets of ringlets!"

It is both unscriptural and unreasonable to suppose, as is very commonly done, that the law of work was intended as a penalty upon fallen Adam. Adam, when this law came into operation, was no longer in Eden, but a denizen of this stubborn earth, which, like the angel at Piniel, yields its blessing only on compulsion. The penal sentence was exile; and work was accorded, not merely as a means of rendering the exile tolerable, but of turning the wilderness into a garden, typical of the lost paradise. Man was indeed to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and woman to bring forth in sorrow. In both, endurance and energy were necessary, yet in both, the result was joy and exultation. We do not live in this world by bread alone, neither are children the only sources of solace and delight; but in *any* way in which laudable perseverance is shown, in which toil is cheerfully borne, in which pain is proudly endured, the sentence of the Lord of the Garden is fulfilled. Idleness in this point of view is sin, and the wages of sin is moral death; it is a breach of the divine law, and the offender is punished even in our present life by the forfeiture of the respect of his fellow-men.

To this point we confine ourselves here. To obtain the respect of the world, we must fill properly our place as links in the social chain; we must work, and work with purpose and intelligence. Set a merchant to dig the earth with a spade, and see what kind of job he will make of his husbandry! Set a rustic laborer to the business of the counting-house, and mark with what a wild stare he will look at its simple implements of industry! Each of these men, however, is perfect in his own department; he knows how to sweep his crossing, and he does it; and the one is as necessary as the other to the work of society, and as respectable in his degree.

It is an old saying, and deserves more attention than it usually receives, that if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. We may be dissatisfied with our present employment; we may consider that we are fit for something better; we may long to try some more feasible crossing; but while waiting for opportunity, or seeking it, let us by all means do what we are about to the very best of our ability. It is an admirable thing for a man to know, and do some one thing thoroughly. It

gives him confidence in himself, and obtains for him the confidence of others. However humble his position, however unsuccessful his efforts in the world, he has an inward satisfaction to the last. He looks back upon no wasted years, no abused powers. When death approaches, he feels that he has lived—that, in so far as work is concerned, he has fulfilled the law; and, in turning away from the things of time to address himself to that new prospect which opens out like a gleam of light amid clouds and darkness, he thanks God that, to the best of his strength, and of his skill, and of his opportunities, he has swept his crossing!

From the Hampshire Advertiser.

PRECIOUS CARGOES IN ENGLAND.

It is through Southampton that the precious metals are flowing into Europe in such quantities as to alarm statesmen and the whole mercantile world—creating by their abundance commercial and political problems, which the wisest cannot solve, and threatening an influence on nations, more important than that produced by change of dynasties or governments. Gold and silver, to the amount of 5,000,000*l.* sterling, are annually imported into Southampton. The gold principally comes from California; and although called gold-dust, it resembles in everything but the color, which is a dull yellow, the small water-worn gravel that may be picked up on the inclined beach near the Southampton platform. It used to be imported in skins, but it is now generally brought in wooden boxes, the size of which varies from a few inches to a couple of feet in length, breadth, and depth.

A great portion of the silver is imported in what is called bars. They are of a plano-convex form, each about two feet long, six inches broad and thick, and weighing about three quarters of a hundredweight. A short time since, the officers employed to superintend the landing of the specie, brought by a West India steamer, were surprised to find amongst it a number of battered and apparently old and worn-out tin saucepans, such as are to be found on dust-heaps. These saucepans turned out to be made of platina, a metal which is obtained from the Peruvian mines, and was unknown to the ancient world. It is harder than iron, resists the action of air, acids, and alkalies, and in beauty, scarcity, ductility, and indestructibility, is equal to gold or silver.

The specie brought to Southampton by the mail-steamers is always landed before any other portion of the cargo. While it is being landed, the dock-quay, between the steamer and the specie-store, is enclosed, and no stranger is allowed within the enclosure. Trustworthy persons are alone employed in conveying the gold and silver from the ship to the shore, and the conveyance is superintended by policemen and the officers of the steamer. The boxes of gold and the bars of silver are arranged orderly along the pavement of the store, which is sometimes literally covered with precious stones and metals. The value of the contents of each box of gold-dust varies from 1000 to 30,000 dollars. The Mexican dividends—a matter of so much anxiety and interest on 'Change are amongst the boxes of specie, and are known by the letters *MD*, joined like a diphthong, being on the lids of the boxes that contain them.

When all the specie has been landed, the doors of the store are locked, while the officers of cus-

toms and of the mail-steamer, together with the clerks of the West India Company, are checking off the ship's manifest; and, when this is done, the gold and silver are placed in railway carriages, drawn up close to the store, and are transmitted, carefully guarded, to the Bank of England.

The cochineal is brought from Central America, and is contained in untanned hides. Each hide, with its contents, is called a seron, and weighs about 1½ cwt. When it is pierced with a steel instrument by the custom-house officer, to ascertain if it contains contraband goods or not, the cochineal is found in small purple-colored shrivelled pieces, each of about half the size of a pea. It bears no resemblance to an animal substance, yet it is the body of an insect, with the head and legs rubbed off. The cochineal insect, when alive, must be about the size of the small red insect called a lady-bird, found in English gardens and meadows. When a piece of cochineal is rubbed on a damp white surface, a dirty red coloring is produced. By some artificial preparation it forms the basis of carmine, and of the brilliant crimson and scarlet dye-stuff used in our textile manufactures. Some idea of the myriads of cochineal insects which must exist in Central America may be formed by considering their minuteness, together with the weight of each seron of cochineal, and the thousands of serons that are imported into Southampton alone.

Succades are those delicious jellies and preserves known as Guava jelly, preserved ginger, limes, and tamarinds, manufactured in the West India Islands. Some of these delicious confections would not have been unworthy to rank with the fabled ambrosia of the pagan deities. The honey used in them must surpass in richness and flavor that which used to be extracted from the far-famed honeycombs of Hymettus; for it is distilled from sweets that cannot be found in the fields or gardens of Europe.

Live turtle are brought in the West India steamers, principally from the Bahamas to be converted into soup for epicures. They are immense creatures, and are kept alive during the voyage by the sailors swabbing their eyes and mouths every time they clean the deck. Occasionally a boat is filled with water on deck, in which the turtles are allowed to refresh themselves, and amuse the passengers with their unwieldy gambols. One of the most singular sights to be seen on board a West India steamer, when she arrives in the Southampton dock, is forty or fifty gigantic live turtles lying in a row on their backs on the lower deck. Their heads are rather elevated, and their fins appear like short and useless wings by their sides. Their helpless state and ridiculous position appear at first sight irresistibly ludicrous; but the muscular motions of their throats, which are perpetually craving for moisture, and their piteous look, as if imploring to be saved from the tureen, would even excite aldermanic sympathy.

The silk brought to Southampton by the Alexandrian steamer is the raw material from China. It is brought in small bales, for the convenience of transport across the Egyptian desert, and each weighs about one cwt. The covering for the silk is a species of matting made of cane. Upwards of six hundred bales of silk have been brought in one cargo, the value of which has been nearly 100,000*l.*

The shawls brought by the steamers are from Cashmere, a place celebrated in Indian romance, and from other parts of India. These fabrics are the finest and most costly in the world. Hundreds are brought in one cargo, many of which, em-

broidered with gold and silver, are worth between 200*l.* and 300*l.* each. They are imported in boxes made of the wood of the camphor tree, lined with tin, and the interior of which is profusely strewed with pepper and other spices, to scare away insects during the voyage. The crape shawls are from China, and are richly ornamented with needlework of such a kind as could only be executed in a country where labor is cheap, and by a people inexhaustibly patient and ingenious. These shawls are brought in small paper boxes, enclosed in cases made of a stronger material. Many of the cases containing the fabrics from the East are covered with cloth coated with bees'-wax.

The ivory is imported here in extraordinary long barrels, which contain oftentimes some thousands of tusks, shed by wild elephants within the dominions of the pacha of Egypt, and in various parts of the East. Some of the ivory is dug up from deserts and wildernesses, where it has lain sometimes buried for ages.

Amongst the sundries brought by the Alexandrian packets, are precious stones, jewelry, gold-work, and an infinite variety of ivory, tortoise-shell, and sandal-wood ornaments. The precious stones consist of diamonds, agates, turquoises, pearls, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, &c., and are from parts of India, Persia, and Asia Minor. Those from the latter part are collected by Jews and other merchants, and are the value of European goods sent into such distant regions perhaps as Astrachan and Tartary.

The jewelry and gold-work are chiefly from Trichinopoly, the great seat in the East of the manufacture of the precious metals and stones. There must be something in the capacity of the Hindoo for manipulation, which the European does not possess; for the golden chains and bracelets made in Trichinopoly far surpass those manufactured in the western world. In fact, any damage to those of the former place cannot even be repaired in Europe.

The whole of these most costly treasures are examined for custom-house purposes, in strongly-guarded warehouses in the docks, where none but consignees, custom-house and dock officers, are allowed to be present; and such is the immense quantity that passes through their hands, that they are examined with as much indifference as a cargo of French eggs or Irish potatoes. At night, policemen patrol round the warehouses, while other policemen are stationed at the dock gates to prevent egress or ingress after a certain hour.

When the East and West India steamers arrive together, which is often the case in the middle of the month, there may then be seen treasure in the docks worth a million sterling, which could almost be stowed away in a moderate-sized dwelling-house. We have been allowed the unusual privilege of seeing almost at a glance the choicest productions of the orient and occident. We have looked upon a large store literally covered with heaps of gold, platina, and pearls; and after walking a few steps, have beheld huge benches blazing with gems and precious stones, and covered with the most beautiful fabrics in the world, and with the incomparable workmanship of the cunning artificers of Asia.

Southampton has the remarkable distinction of being the only port in ancient or modern times that receives the marvellous productions of the two Indies. No place in the British dominions has ever been able to vie with it in this respect.

Twelve steamers from the regions of the rising sun, and twenty-four from those of the setting luminary, arrive every year at this port, laden with enormous wealth. In the far west—from the golden streams of the Appalachian mountains, from the bowels of the Cordilleras, across the Isthmus of Darien and the Caribbean sea. In the far east—from the Yellow Sea and the Sacred Ganges, along the coast of "Farthest Ind," the land of "barbaric pearl and gold," through the Red Sea, and down the ancient Nile, the riches of America, Asia, and Africa, are continually flowing to load those immense and magnificent argosies that almost every week float up Southampton Water.

From Chambers' Journal.

A TWELVEMOONTH IN CALCUTTA.

HINDOO BETROTHAL—DANCING-GIRLS AND DANCING-BOYS—LOVE OF JEWELS—ANGLO-INDIAN CONCERT—DEPARTURE OF FRIENDS FOR EUROPE.

December 10th.—Yesterday evening I carried out my intention of seeing a nautch. I should have been better amused at the fancy-ball, which I had given up, not caring to venture on two dissipated nights close together. This was a very fine entertainment too, quite beyond the ordinary style of an ordinary nautch, being given in honor of the betrothal of two children of very high caste and wealthy parentage. There was a large party of British assembled. We had first a dinner in the European style; our Baboo host and the men of his family—a very numerous connection seemingly—sitting with us at table. Except the Parsee guests, some of them ate, and all of them drank very sociably. Dinner over, and the great lady having made the proper move, we lesser ladies rose and followed her up stairs, where, at the end of the drawing-room, close to a large Indian screen, were the females of the family, waiting anxiously to receive us. There were a good many of all ages; two young wives, really handsome girls—all richly dressed in silk sarrees, edged with gold or embroidery, the tight bodies underneath made either of fine muslin, or of gold and silver tissue. The sarree fell gracefully around the upper parts of their persons, and was their only head-dress. Their little feet were popped into inlaid slippers; their ankles and their arms were hung with bangles; strings of pearls were round their necks, and they wore earrings. The worth of all these jewels must have been very great; but I don't believe they were all personal property, nor the sarrees neither—it was the wealth of the firm, or a portion of it at least, exhibited on the various members upon this occasion of unusual display. The little bride and bridegroom were really loaded, poor children, with pearls, diamonds, and gold! The bridegroom walked by the side of the old lady—the mother of the tribe—and seemed to be three or four years old; the bride was a mere baby in the arms of her ayah. Our toilettes again delighted our female native acquaintance. They looked at us from head to foot all round, and touched all our clothes, lost in wonder at their form. They kept chattering all the time, and laughed with such genuine glee as was really quite infecting to hear; so we joined the merry chorus heartily. At length the noise of approaching gentlemen sounded up the staircase, and away the dark ladies all scudded behind the screen with the quickness of children; and we saw no more of them, although I am quite sure they

saw us; for a whispering often reached the ears of those who approached that screen during the evening, and bright eyes could be detected glancing through the crevices of the folding leavers.

After tea and coffee, the nautch began. It is certainly not easy to understand how it can be thought amusing. Two dancing-girls stepped forward, and began to spin round like two tectotums, which we took for a kind of prelude; but nothing more came of it; they just spun on their allotted time. There was neither agility in their movements nor grace in their attitudes; the feet merely shuffling very quietly, in time to the beat of the tomtom, and the very monotonous tone of a sort of mandolin. The dress of the nautch-girl is curious; over the full and loosely-hanging drawers—which touch the ground, and merely allow the point of the toe to be visible—she wears a short petticoat, exceedingly wide, plaited up in large folds all round her waist, hanging about her person handsomely, while the wearer is motionless; but the moment she begins her spinning round, these folds open at the bottom like an opening fan; and being supported by the current of air passing under, the little full petticoat stands out like a hoop, disclosing a scanty under-petticoat of muslin in the ordinary form. The material of the upper dress was white and gold, or white and silver muslin, or red and gold silk. Shawls were draped about the head and shoulders. When one pair of dancers had finished, another pair began; each set had its own musicians—conceited-looking men, finely equipped in turban, shawl, and tunic of gay colors, and generally handsome, though saucy enough. They are all much occupied, each with his own lat, holding their heads on one side, and admiring, even applauding, as the dance proceeds. These musicians stood all in a row at the end of the apartment; the girls not dancing sat on the ground at their feet, each pair beside their own master. All the servants were ranged in the veranda, enjoying this rather tiresome spectacle with an intensity of pleasure which there is no possibility of a European comprehending; and, by the by, I believe the Indians as little understand our dancing; they wonder how we can take such trouble when there are those to be had who, for pay, will dance for us. We British all sat in dignified composure together, the native gentlemen in great numbers a little removed from us smoking their bubbling hookahs.

When several pairs of girls had finished their exhibition, two boys came forward, twirling round and shuffling their feet in just the same manner as the girls had done. Then the girls began again; and this time, while spinning round, they unwound their shawls, and twisted them into many ingenious forms, making them up into bunches of flowers and other representations, singing all the while, as well as moving their feet, a sort of low humming chant, in praise, I believe, of our entertainer. The two boys next gave us a sword-dance, doing many difficult feats, and strange, and I thought dangerous ones; always twirling round, however, which seems to be the only idea they have of dancing. Then we had a tumbler with a body like an eel, and a head of shock-hair—excepting which natural adornment he was otherwise all but naked.

When the tumbler had finished, the best nautch-girl came forward alone. She had been seated all the evening rather apart, throwing herself into attitudes with a coquettish air, which spoke the prima donna. She was extremely well made, tall, and with fine features; her head particularly well set

upon her shoulders, and her complexion by no means dark—a great beauty in Indian eyes. Her dress was of fine materials, and had nothing tawdry about it; and her hair fell in long ringlets, English fashion. Poor girl, she could not have been all Hindoo! Her dance was the same whirling round and round as all the rest had been, but it was more gracefully done; and her shawl attitudes were really attractive. She had a way, too, of holding the edge of her wide petticoats in her fingers, while raising both hands and clapping them over her head, thus letting the folds of the petticoat fall on either side in the form of the wings of a butterfly; it was very pretty. As she began to turn quicker she sang, loud and screaming, an air with very few notes; sad rather, yet pleasing; with a great many verses to it; two or three mandolins and a tomtom accompanying her. When she had tired herself, a little girl of nine years old took her place, and nautched far better than any of them. This concluded the entertainment; a very tiresome one to me; quite uninteresting. Up the country there is much better nautching, it seems; the best must be wearisome enough, except to the natives, to all of whom it certainly affords extreme delight.

It is indeed the only way in which the rich Baboos spend their wealth, or mark the difference between themselves and their inferiors. All classes appear to have much the same tastes—a love of money, a supreme pleasure in making it, in adding to it, and no way of showing they possess it, except this one of great displays upon either religious or family festivals. They don't care about multiplying daily comforts; they don't feel any wants beyond the simplest; they seldom assist a friend; they are for the most part indifferent to fine houses or handsome equipages; but, on these state occasions, sometimes the hoards of a lifetime have been dissipated in one great feast, lasting days, perhaps weeks. The very poorest save for this purpose—beg, borrow, stint themselves of necessities, to make their little suitable display, and lavish their whole substance on one nautch.

Another passion they all seem to have in common, rich and poor alike—the love of jewels. A rich native will walk about at one of these feasts, when in full dress, bedecked with what would purchase a principality in Australia. The women, when seen, are equally valuably laden; and the poor, who can't reach jewels, take to colored glass, for bedizened they must be. Formerly, when there was no safe way of investing money, it was a method of banking to buy up precious stones; and the habit remains, now that the funds offer better security, and that mercantile speculation, alas! tempts to the risk of hard earnings.

12th.—Our concert at last. We never could collect all the performers before; one or two always happened to be out of the way; and as we were resolved to have a full orchestra, we put off the great evening from day to day, in order to secure our artists. One good effect of this delay will be the proficiency consequent on such repeated practice. Your pianoforte is off already to Mr. Black's house, with all the little glass-cups its feet stand in to protect it from the white ants. The cups are deep, and filled with water; so any adventurous insect surmounting the slippery side falls into the lake below. The sofas are all on the move too, and the chandeliers; and from the go-downs large boxes of small-wares have been taking the road ever since daylight. Caroline, being no performer, has undertaken the commissariat; she will also

receive the company. She went yesterday to see what was required; made out the necessary list on the spot; came back to give her orders; and is now off again to see how they have been executed—her second visit to-day. She came back extremely displeased from her first. Everything was in confusion; nothing had been properly done; nobody was inclined to take any trouble; the servants were quite behind-hand. And there sat Helen and her husband! No; he stood with his violin to his shoulder, and the tall partner bending over his viol de gamba—all wrapped up in a trio of Beethoven's, with which we are to end our first act this evening. If the men had been at the counting-house, she would have thought nothing of it—business must be attended to; but to see them here, dead to the world, fiddling away, and all at sixes and sevens round them, was really beyond her patience to bear; and so she came off to complain to me. She found me at her old piano-forte, totally abstracted in the difficult accompaniment of a fine quartette of Mozart's, in which our baritone is to electrify the audience. In total despair she turned to the consomme, the only friend she has this day a chance of interesting in her perplexities.

Angry as dear Cary was, she did all she had undertaken well; and the rooms looked so pretty in the evening, and she was so heartily thanked, so much praised then, when we were at leisure to think of all the trouble she had taken, that she got into excellent humor, and forgave us all. The long drawing-room was the concert-room—desks and chairs at one end for the orchestra, the piano-forte in the centre of them, with standing lights on each side of it for the vocalists. At the other end, and down the long walls of the room, were sofas for the company. In the smaller drawing-room a number of little tables were laid with refreshments. The veranda was covered in with matting, hung with red curtains, carpeted, lighted by our chandeliers, and furnished with sofas. The effect was excellent. Cary acknowledged she considered it her masterpiece, and a most agreeable lounge we all found it. About forty intimate friends formed the company. With great difficulty has Helen managed to keep the party so small; for the fame of the musicians—we will say nothing about the novelty of the entertainment—had caused a great demand for invitations. We numbered twelve musicians, amateurs and professionals; and having confided the leadership to one we felt perfect confidence in following, we really did our parts well. It was a very perfectly executed concert—the instrumental part excellent, and the singing much better than is generally heard in private society; the one soprano voice is hardly to be equalled anywhere. She outdid herself this evening, particularly in one duet with the baritone, whose quartette, by the by, was also eminently successful. It was encored. We had chosen good composers and pleasing compositions—nothing very difficult either of execution or comprehension—and the result was deservedly gratifying to us. The audience had been equally well selected; all people really fond of listening to music. The only complaint made was that the concert was too short. We were really rewarded for our pains in preparing it. And how many pleasant evenings had our rehearsals given us! How well acquainted some of us have become by means of this help to intimacy! It was no bad part of the arrangements to find at the end of the great crash, the final flourish, when all rose to mingle in a moving crowd, that the slight re-

freshments of the round tables had been changed into a good substantial supper; and as nothing gives such an appetite as music, full justice was done to all provided. I don't know what o'clock it was when our merry party broke up.

13th.—This is Selena's wedding-day; the marriage has been a quiet one; not more than twenty people present at it in the cathedral, and about as many more at the dinner afterwards. The bride and bridegroom were as happy-looking a pair as could well be seen—she slightly agitated, timid and modest, and paler than usual, but always graceful and interesting; he a fine-spirited, decided-mannered young man, handsome from intelligence and military bearing, and from his unmistakable air of having won the prize. The friends all seemed more than reconciled to him. The good appointment had developed numberless perfections in the once slighted lover. The dinner was very animated; every one seeming to be in spirits, as if particularly pleased; more than usually satisfied with so ordinary an affair as a marriage. I certainly have no misgivings as to the future happiness of Selena and her faithful lover. We shall lose them, for his appointment is at a distance; but we part with the hope of meeting again.

14th.—At last the vessel sails. After twice altering her day, the captain has sent word that she starts with the tide to-night. We have had a toiling morning, still sending stray luggage on board even to near the last, and after all finding another trunk required to hold the gatherings. No place could well have been more wretched than the sick partner's house during this unsettled time. It showed all the melancholy symptoms of approaching desertion. The furniture was disarranged, the packing was going forward, children were unsettled, and the master and the mistress very much out of spirits. The leave-taking of their servants was quite affecting, for the natives are a grateful and affectionate people; perhaps easily moved to tears, still there must be some feeling before tears flow. They begged their sahibs to come back again, promising literally to be "good boys" till their return. The head-servant and her own particular personal attendant kissed Mary's hands over and over again, saying what a kind mistress she had been—how should they bear to serve any other. I was really glad to escape from them. The scene at Helen's house I shall not venture near.

We have got them off at last—Freeman and all the children—and the first division of the cabin luggage went on board early in the afternoon. Cary's servants had been in the vessel since quite the morning, arranging the furniture. After dinner came the melancholy parting. Helen and Mr. Black took charge of the sick man, and I went with Mary, and the new trunk, and a new tin case, and sundry bundles and some bags and baskets. Edward's carriage conveyed us quickly to the ghaut, where Arthur and I, at the same time of night a year ago, had landed. The comfortable boat of one of the native partners of the firm was there waiting for us, and we were soon alongside the ship. It was nearly dark; all was wretchedly uncomfortable, confused, and noisy, and crowded; altogether, it was very sad. The uncertainty of the poor debilitated husband recovering; the unfitness of the young wife to scramble through her troubled way with such a charge and her four baby children; and Helen's silent agony as she herself undressed her pretty boys, and laid them in their little cots, kissing them for the last time as her

children, for if they live to meet again, it is grown men who will receive the embrace of their mother. I could not stay below—I was choking; I left the cabins without saying farewell, and waited upon deck the reappearance of Mr. Black and Helen. They came, he leading her silently, and we descended to the boat, and reached the shore, and entered the carriage, and drove away; not one single word uttered amongst us. She lay with her head upon her husband's shoulder in speechless grief. It was the most miserable half hour I ever passed. It must be like a succession of deaths to parents these dreadful separations from their children. Gay, happy, thoughtless Helen! she will never wear her bright smile again.

15th.—This is the anniversary of our arrival. One whole year we have been in Calcutta—a very happy one, all things considered. Arthur's prospects are very fair. If he proceed as he has begun, he may do here what he never could have done at home—save out of the income he will earn at the bar, from the beginning of his law career. And for happiness while doing so, we can insure it, for we have but to will it—the way is very plain. It is a little difficult to bear up against the languor induced by the climate: but for the greater part of the year it can be done, and health can be preserved here as at home—by care. India, so little known by those unconnected with it, reveals itself on near approach as much like any other place where British congregate. The busy may work, the reflecting may study, the benevolent may serve their kind, and the frivolous will find their follies. Duty here must guide us as elsewhere. We move into our own house upon the 20th; after which, as we intend to lead a much quieter life than we have been able to do hitherto, my journal will become of little interest.

From the Examiner.

Jamaica in 1850. By JOHN BIGELOW. (Published in New York.)

WE recognize in Mr. Bigelow the author of some excellent letters from Jamaica which appeared last year in an American newspaper, and on which we had ourselves to bestow a very hearty approbation. The substance of these letters, with much additional information, is embodied in the present little volume, which contains the most searching analysis of the present state of Jamaica, and, moreover, the most sagacious prognostications of the future prospects of the island, that have ever been published. Mr. Bigelow is an accomplished, acute, and liberal American. As such, an eyewitness and a participator of the greatest and most successful colonial experiment which the world has ever seen, he is, necessarily, a better and more impartial judge of the subject he treats of than any Englishman of equal capacity and acquirement. Mr. Bigelow makes short and easy work of planters, attorneys, book-keepers, sophistries, and Stanleys. In doing so, his language is invariably that of a man of education and a gentleman. He might have crushed them with a sledge-hammer, but he effects his purpose as effectually with a pass or two of a sharp and polished small-sword.

Mr. Bigelow's visit to Jamaica was for the mere purpose of recreation. He left New York on the 2nd day of January, 1850, then ice-bound, and covered with snow, and, by magic of steam, he finds himself, in six days' time, within the tropics, between the 17th and 18th deg. of latitude—in a word, in the sultry land of Jamaica.

It is not easy (he says) to imagine a more delightful series of sensations than one experiences in passing at the rate of 250 miles a day, in a first-class steam-ship like the *Empire City*, from the rigors of a northern winter to the soft and genial temperature of the tropics.

Mr. Bigelow, with some justice, calls Jamaica "an ocean gem," and this is his account of what nature has done for it.

It embraces about 4,000,000 of acres, of which there are not, probably, any ten lying adjacent to each other which are not susceptible of the highest cultivation, while not more than 500,000 have ever been reclaimed, or even appropriated.

Of the 4,000,000 of acres which make the area of Jamaica, it is believed that no fewer than 600,000 are fit for the growth of the sugar-cane; that is, are of the highest productive powers.

But now for other natural advantages. The island has ranges of mountains, in some places reaching to the height of 8,000 feet, with elevated valleys between. Every variety of climate, therefore, is to be had, from 80 deg. to 50 deg. of the thermometer. The natural means of irrigation are admirable.

In the dry parishes (says Mr. Bigelow) the want of moisture that is not repaired by heavy dews which are providentially sent during the winter season, may be supplied by irrigation at very inconsiderable expense; for the whole island abounds in water, at all times. It is traversed by over two hundred streams, forty of which are from 25 to 100 feet in breadth, and, it deserves to be mentioned, furnish water-power sufficient to manufacture everything produced by the soil, or consumed by the inhabitants. Far less expense than is usually incurred on the same surface of the United States for manure, would irrigate all the dry lands, and enable them to defy the most protracted droughts with which it is ever visited.

With respect to harbors, this is Jamaica:

While man has done so little for the internal improvement of the island, Providence has benignantly indented its shore with sixteen secure harbors, and some thirty bays, all affording good anchorage, as if it were designed to provide against the indolence and supineness of her inhabitants by inviting to her shores the enterprise and capital of other nations.

Such is nature's Jamaica. Let us now see what man has done to assist or retard. The first sample of the population of Jamaica presented to the intelligent native of the go-a-head Anglo-Saxons was not favorable:

Before the ship had fairly stopped, we were surrounded with boats filled with negroes, some dressed decently, and some indecently, and some not at all. They all talked at once, a language which they designed for English; but as it would have been unintelligible to me, under the most favorable circumstances, of course, amidst all this confusion, it was like the apostle's preaching to the Greeks—foolishness.

Mr. Bigelow and his companions had to cross the bay from Port Royal, where the steamer stopped, to Kingston.

The boat (says he) was very well, but the oars were a novelty. They consisted of two pieces—one a long pole, the entire length of the oar, of uniform size from end to end. The other was a board, in the shape of an ordinary oar blade, which was applied to the oar in three places with a cord, "and nothing

else." The oarsmen struck the water with the side of the blade to which the pole was attached, instead of the smooth side, out of respect to some principle of hydrodynamics, with which I was not familiar. Instead of tholepins, they used a rope, tied to the side of the boat, through which the oar was passed, and by which it was detained near, if not in, its place when used.

The boat took two hours in getting to Kingston, a distance of five miles, across a smooth bay. Every mechanical aid to labor in Jamaica is in the same rude and ancient fashion. There are, for example, two kinds of axes, which are the same that have been sent to the planters for the last two hundred years by their consignees and mortgagees in England. The best of them is worthy of the days of the war of the Roses, and the worst of the Saxon heptarchy, or perhaps of the era when Britons first began to substitute iron for fish bones.

The means of transportation are worthy of the tools and implements :

In Jamaica (says Mr. Bigelow) they are exceedingly limited. With the exception of the fifteen miles of railroad, there is not, to my knowledge, a stage coach or regular periodical conveyance to be found in Jamaica ; nor does any steam or other boat ply at stated periods between any of her ports. Of course, therefore, the expense of getting about is very great, and the intercourse between the opposite extremities of the island quite limited—more so than between the Atlantic shore of the United States and the Mississippi valley, and rather more expensive.

This is as much as to say, and unfortunately to say truly, that it is more difficult, inconvenient, and expensive to travel 150 miles in a British colony than over fifteen degrees of latitude and twenty of longitude in the United States. The contrast was, of course, very shocking to the locomotive American, and ought to mortify the nation that founded the American States, and invented representative government, and the steam engine.

The slave emancipation, and the free trade in sugar, if they did not produce, were assuredly followed by, the following effects :

During the last three years the island has exported less than half the sugar, rum, or ginger ; less than one third of the coffee ; less than one tenth of the molasses ; and nearly two millions of pounds less of pimento, than during the three years which preceded the emancipation act. * * * Since 1832, out of the 653 sugar estates then in cultivation, more than 150 have been abandoned, and the works broken up. * * * During the same period above 500 coffee plantations have been abandoned, and their works broken up.

Mr. Bigelow estimates that by this, no less than 400,000 acres of land have been thrown out of cultivation, and 60,000 laborers out of employment, who, however, have easily found employment that they liked better.

All this is most deplorable, but we really cannot see how, except by the sagacity and exertions of the inhabitants themselves, it was to be avoided. For 150 long years, the British public had been paying to the West Indians about double the natural price for nearly everything they produced, some of those products being the next thing to necessities of life, and all this to maintain slavery and a most vicious system of industry. Mr. Bigelow estimates the yearly cost of the monopoly to the British people at 25,000,000 Spanish dollars, or above 5,400,000*l.*, and we think he does not

over-estimate it. Was the nation to continue to be fleeced at this rate in perpetuity ! Certainly not, whatever the consequences. The slavery and the monopoly have ceased forever. The nation had, in fact, been paying enormously during whole generations for maintaining a huge hothouse ; and having become too wise to continue this prodigality any longer, the glass house tumbles to the ground, and the forced plants within it, not having vitality or strength to live in an ordinary atmosphere, have dwindled or perished.

They fold their arms, (says Mr. Bigelow,) under the conviction that no efforts of theirs can arrest the decay and dissolution going on about them, and that nothing but home legislation—nay, nothing but protection to their staples—can protect them from hopeless and utter ruin. This seems to be a most extraordinary delusion, though it is one which is hurrying on the very thing they deprecate.

The West Indians charge their decadence to the abolition of slavery, to free trade, and to the consequences of both, high-priced labor, which, they allege, is no match for the slave-labor of foreign colonies. Now, we have a few words to say about these. Mr. Bigelow tells us he never found a single person in Jamaica who desired to see the restoration of slavery, but all complained that they had not received enough for their slaves in the way of compensation. What they actually did receive was 6,161,927*l.* ; which, for from babe at the breast to men and women a century old, halt and blind, as well as sane and robust, was close on 20*l.* a head, or more than the average value of slaves of all denominations, at this moment, in prosperous Cuba. The land, whether cultivated or only even appropriated in Jamaica, is but 500,000 acres, or one eighth part of the island. The proprietors of this land, therefore, received for one of the chattels on it, at the rate of 12*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* per acre, or rather more than ten times the price at which the general government of the American Union sells the least of its wild lands in the most fertile of its States. Making, however, allowance for most of the Jamaica land being cleared and cultivated, we think it probable that the price they actually received was equal to five times the value of the fee-simple of their land. It is true, indeed, that the men of Jamaica valued their own property at near 14,000,000*l.*, but that does not prove that it was worth the money, nor make it reasonable that when there was but one seller and one buyer in the market, the vendor should get whatever he was pleased to ask.

As to the price of labor, the exorbitancy of which is so much complained of, Mr. Bigelow's experience makes his testimony on this point so conclusive, that we must allow him to speak for himself :

To my utter surprise I learned that the price for men on the sugar and coffee plantations was from eighteen to twenty-four cents a day, (from 9*d.* to 12*d.*.) and proportionally less for boys and females. Out of these wages the laborers have to board themselves. Now, when it is considered that in the largest market in the island flour costs from sixteen and eighteen dollars a barrel, butter thirty-eight cents a pound, (14*d.*.) does not the cry of high wages appear absurd ? Was the wpl's complaint of the lamb for muddying the water in the stream below him more unreasonable ? Are wages lower in any quarter of the civilized world ? Four fifths of all the grain consumed in Jamaica is grown in the United States, on fields where labor costs more than four times this price, and where every kind of provisions but fruit is

less expensive. The fact is, the negro cannot live on such wages, unless he owns in fee a lot of three or four acres, or ekes them out by stealing. He is driven by necessity to the purchase and cultivation of land for himself, and he finds such labor so much better rewarded than that bestowed on the lands of others, that he very naturally takes care of his own first, and gives his leisure to the properties of others when he feels inclined; in that particular acting very much as if he were a white man.

All this is unanswerable and conclusive, but the planters cannot, or will not, understand it, and run headlong on the road to ruin in the opposite direction. They are clamorous for depressing the labor that is already too low. They go to Madeira, to every part of Hindustan, to China, for laborers, and even propose to import free negroes from the United States, bribing them with 9d. or a shilling a day to give up 3s. or 4s. which they get where they are. For this darling wrong-headed object they would seem even disposed to beggar their pinched exchequer, for in 1844 they paid above 10,000*l.* for immigration; in 1845, above 11,000*l.*; in 1846 above 28,000*l.*; and in 1847, when expenditure exceeded income by 64,348*l.*, no less than 45,507*l.*! The planters do all in their power to discourage the purchase of land by the negroes.

They call them lazy for indulging in this feeling of independence, but I never could discover anything in this desire of the negroes to labor which was not sanctioned by the example of their masters, and by instincts and propensities common to humanity.

The purchase of land in small lots goes on rapidly, notwithstanding, on the part of the colored population, and already the number of these petty proprietors is said to exceed 100,000. It would be strange if it were otherwise in a country containing no more than 370,000 inhabitants, and of the area of which seven eighths have as yet been neither cultivated nor appropriated.

Let labor (says Mr. Bigelow) be rewarded as it is in the United States, or even in England, and let it be used with the same economy, and the face of Jamaica will change almost as rapidly as if the sun of heaven were then to rise upon it for the first time.

Mr. Bigelow most satisfactorily shows that the emancipation only precipitated the ruin of the West India planters, which was before, sooner or later, inevitable. They were then, as now, mortgaged up to the throat, and completely in the hands of the mortgagees, their English agents or consignees. The 20,000,000*l.* paid to them for their slaves produced only a balancing of accounts, and went but a short way towards liquidating their debts. Before the emancipation, nine tenths of the cultivated land of Jamaica were in the hands of absentee proprietors, and the absent proprietors must of course employ agents. The agents were attorneys living in Kingston, and they employed sub-agents, overseers and book-keepers. The overseer occupies the manor house, with an establishment of servants and horses. On the average of all the estates in the island, this agency costs 3,000*dols.* (650*l.*) a year. This sum alone would be a handsome profit, and it is what the proprietor pays for being absent. Over and above this he pays for home agency, on whatever he sends and whatever he receives. He is forced to be a trader and a speculator, and all this, not on his own judgment, but on that of others. Before the Emancipa-

tion Act, and in full possession of the monopoly of the English market, it is plain enough that the West India absentee proprietor was living in idleness, at the expense of the English consumer, for otherwise such a system of extravagance could not have lived for a day. Such a one certainly never existed in any other class of our colonies, and existed here only under false and unjust legislation. In a populous country, where there is a real rent, and where a farmer, especially with a lease, takes, in a great measure, the place of the proprietor, and all at his own risk and responsibility, the recipient of rent may be absent without any serious inconvenience. But in a colony where there is no rent, and no farming of rent, absenteeism is an incompatible anomaly, unless we are to suppose proprietors satisfied with nominal ownership, and surrendering all legitimate profit to prodigal management and agency. The proprietor of a West India, like that of an American, a Canadian, or an Australian estate, must be his own manager and agent, look after and live upon his land, or perish. Whether the average heat be 50 deg., or 60 deg., or 80 deg. of Fahrenheit, can, in this case, make no earthly difference. Nature does not create rent to oblige those that happen to be nearest the sun.

The population of Jamaica, by the census of 1844, consisted of 377,433, of which the white inhabitants were, 15,776, the brown, 68,529, and the black, 293,128. The whites, forming now but one twenty-fifth part of the population, are diminishing in number, wealth, and influence;—the other two are increasing in all these.

The possession of four or five acres of land (says Mr. Bigelow) confers the right to vote in the selection of members of Assembly. The blacks are ambitious to possess and exercise the privilege; it causes them to be courted and respected. They are daily becoming better acquainted with the advantages which the elective franchise confers, and the prospect of attaining it is, with them, one of the strongest incentives to effort and economy. The recent election of several of their order to the Assembly has greatly inflamed this ambition. It is only a short time since there were any colored people returned to that body; in the last Assembly there were a dozen. No Negro ever had a seat there till the session before the last, when one was returned. In the last session there were three. It is safe to say, that in a very few years the blacks and browns will be in a clear majority in the Assembly. They already hold the balance of power.

Already twelve members out of forty-seven representatives in the Jamaica Assembly are men of color. Nearly all of them are at present on the side of the administration, the white members constituting the opposition. This anomaly is easily accounted for. The local government, out of the colonial revenue, has at its disposal a patronage of a score of fat appointments, to the value of 20,000*l.* a year, averaging from 325*l.* up to 2,700*l.* apiece, besides a multiplicity of minor appointments in the collection of the revenue, and in the police, all liberally bestowed on the colored inhabitants.

When (says our author) the colored people become the proprietors of the property, and have to pay high salaries and oppressive taxes, their relations to the government will be rapidly changed, and they will be thrown into the position now occupied by the country party (the whites). They will clamor for low salaries, and probably high duties. They will get neither. What lies beyond, it is scarcely worth while to speculate upon, for, before that day, Great Britain will inevitably be compelled to modify her colonial

policy so radically, at least with respect to her West India possessions, as to introduce elements into the question which cannot now be conjectured. Nothing is more probable, in respect to the political fate of the island twenty years hence, than that it will be one of the United States of America.

We agree with the first part of this prediction, but are by no means prepared to do so with the last; and, at all events, the period fixed for the catastrophe is much too early. Opinion, both in Jamaica and in the Southern States of the American Union, must greatly change before such an amalgamation can be brought about. No doubt such a solution would be acceptable to the Northern States, but it is not at present easy to fancy that African representatives and colored senators would be in good odor sitting in the same assemblies with those of Virginia and South Carolina. In the mean time, we have no hesitation in saying that the natural commercial capital of Jamaica is New York, and not London, or Liverpool, or Glasgow, or Bristol. The voyage from New York is performed just now in six days, and already there are four first-class American steam ships on the beat. The voyage from England is nearly three times the length of that from New York, and there are but two steamers plying. Even now Jamaica receives from New York nearly its whole supply of corn, and can get it nowhere else so cheap or so good. For everything that Jamaica could produce under the most favorable circumstances for its industry—coffee, cocoa, sugar, rum, molasses—New York is its best market. All the ripe fruits of Jamaica, its mangos, its shaddocks, its charimoyas, as good as when plucked from the trees, can be sold in six days, and in the Christmas holidays, to the 400,000 wealthy consumers of New York. A market for them nowhere else exists equally advantageous.

We take leave for the present of Mr. Bigelow, thanking him for much valuable information, much dissipation of sophistry, much elucidation of sound principle, and all in good taste and choice language.

From the Spectator.

ABD-EL-KADER AND LORD LONDONDERRY.

THERE has been published a very interesting correspondence between the Marquis of Londonderry and the President of the French Republic, in reference to the captivity of Abd-el-Kader. The letters are accompanied by one from the Marquis to the Earl of Glengall in this country, describing the circumstances which gave rise to them.

Feeling a high admiration for the character of the unfortunate Arab chief, and a deep sympathy for him in his captivity in the lonely old château d'Amboise on the banks of the Loire, Lord Londonderry, with much trouble, obtained permission from the French minister of war to pay his respects to the emir. After obtaining the rarely-granted permission, he with much additional difficulty gained the interior of the château. He describes the interview—

We followed an Algerian slave, who led us through the winding terraces of the garden, which are clothed with tall cypress and other trees, to the most elevated part of the château; when passing through an ante-hall or guard-chamber we came to a door where all shoes, &c., were left. Upon this door being thrown open, the interesting old warrior stood before us—his burnous as white as the driven snow, his beard as

black as jet, his projecting large eyebrows of the same hue, with teeth like ivory, and most expressive dark eyes, showing peculiarly the white liquid tinge surrounding the pupils. His stature is tall and commanding, his gestures, softness and amiability of expression, almost inexplicable. Upon my approaching him, the emir held out a very large, bony, and deep brown hand to me; which when I grasped he turned to lead me to the sofa and the seats prepared at the head of the room.

The result of the interview was, that the old warrior made interest with the marquis, knowing that he had been on terms of friendship with the president of the republic, to obtain an interview with Louis Napoleon; and that the English soldier promised to "try." The correspondence itself shows with what tact and good feeling he made the attempt.

Tours, March 8, 1851.

Pardon me, my prince, if I take the liberty to write to you; past time emboldens me, the present moment inspires me with overpowering impulse. With the permission of the minister of war, I was admitted to an audience with the interesting captive of France, the brave Abd-el-Kader. The sympathy of every soldier, who has served during a long life, always impels him to honor illustrious chiefs, even when they are enemies; and I cannot express the sentiments of admiration and commiseration I have felt in a rather long interview with the ex-emir.

In addressing this petition to your highness, I commence by supplicating you not to accuse me of presumption, and to be well persuaded that I believe I have no right to interfere in so grave an affair. I have the conviction that the government of the French republic and its president retain the emir prisoner for the interest of the civilized world. It is a sufficiently remarkable circumstance, that the person who now presents himself before you, to obtain some solace and consideration for this illustrious prisoner, is he who addressed, in favor of the present president of the republic, the same demand to the King Louis Philippe whilst the president was a prisoner at Ham. My prayer is, that the painful and unfortunate life of Abd-el-Kader should be taken into consideration. Can it be believed that the liberty accorded to an old man, bowed down by his misfortunes, his chagrins, and his losses, can ever injure in the slightest degree the great and powerful nation that now keeps him captive, in a manner that wounds the hearts of those who honor the warrior yet more in his adversity than in his prosperity! Believe, my prince, that I have the very positive conviction, that even if the slightest danger could result from placing Abd-el-Kader in liberty, it would be more than a thousand times compensated by the glory that would be showered on the French nation by this act of generosity.

At present, my prince, I shall conclude by giving you a summary of his position. On the summit of a mountain, on the borders of the Loire, the Château d'Amboise offers to the emir no facilities for carriage or equestrian exercise; the sadness of the old edifice, the sole society of the commandant and the guard, can offer him no resource; the gardens and the ramparts form his sole promenades. The prisoner offered me a small cup of tea; this offering and his conversation was full of an unexpressible grace and grandeur.

At last I arrive at his demand, at the promise I have made to him; and I hope from your goodness the power to show him that I have not forgotten his commission. He has prayed of me to demand of you, in the name of the old friendship he knows you have for me, to grant him an audience when it will be possible for you. He has also expressed the desire that I should accompany him to your presence. I have, my prince, fulfilled the duty of an old soldier of her Britannic Majesty. My aim is to serve your glory in

liberating a great warrior. If I succeed, it will be one of the greatest glories of my life; if I do not succeed, I shall have nothing with which to reproach myself in having made the attempt.

I have the honor to be, Monseigneur, your very humble servant,

VANE LONDONDERRY.

Ellysée National, March 29, 1851.

My dear Marquis—I have not sooner replied to your letter written to me from Tours, because I did not know where to address my reply, and I hoped soon to see you in Paris.

That which you tell me of the Emir Abd-el-Kader has greatly interested me; and I find markedly, in your solicitude for him, the same generous heart that interceded some years since in favor of the prisoner of Ham.

I confess to you, that, from the first day of my election, the captivity of Abd-el-Kader has not ceased to occupy me, and to weigh like a burden upon my heart. I have also often been occupied in seeking for the means that would permit me to place him at liberty without risking a compromise of the repose of Algeria and the security of our soldiers and colonists.

To-day even, the new ambassador, who is about to repair to Constantinople, is charged by me to study this question; and, believe me, my dear marquis, no person will be more happy than I when it will be permitted to me to render liberty to Abd-el-Kader.

I shall be very glad to see the Emir, but I can only see him to announce good news; I am, therefore, until that period arrives, deprived of the possibility of granting his request.

Receive, my dear marquis, the assurance of my intimate and high consideration and friendship.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Paris, April 1, 1851.

Allow me, my dear prince, to assure you that the letter I have this instant received from your highness, from your own hand, has given me so lively a sentiment of pleasure and gratitude, that during all my life the impression will remain ineffaceable. Your expressions show the honor and uprightness of your character. The same in prosperity as in adversity—frank, noble, benevolent, chivalrous, magnanimous, and well resolved to act according to the great principle of humanity, “Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.”

The future of Abd-el-Kader is in your hands, and in those of the nation you govern. For the happy result of my undertaking I repose in you an unlimited confidence. May the fate of Abd-el-Kader become, through you, as peaceable as your own will be glorious. Such is the ardent wish of him who has the honor to assure you still, as formerly, of his greatest and high consideration, friendship, and personal devotion.

VANE LONDONDERRY.

To the President of the French Republic.

From the Washington Republic.

THE WRITINGS THAT ARE REVOLUTIONIZING EUROPE.

WE are apt to make a great ado about the published opinions of European travellers who visit us for the purpose of book-making, while the really influential writings in relation to the United States, that are changing the thoughts of the old world, opening their eyes to the advantages of our form of government, and the blessings of our institutions, not one in a thousand ever thinks of. No essayist or periodical reviewer that we are aware of has ever taken into consideration or even alluded to the writings in question. They have been wholly

overlooked by political speculators on both sides of the Atlantic. Neither the Pope nor any other potentate has ever thought of excluding them from his dominions on account of their republicanizing tendency. No index expurgatorius makes mention of them; yet they are daily multiplied, constantly circulated, and unerring in producing the effect intended. They have done more to revolutionize opinions in the old world than all other writings published during the present century; they operate chiefly among the illiterate masses of Europe, and, as they make the most eloquent and touching appeals to the feelings, they are the chief instruments of filling our country to overflowing almost with the oppressed population of Europe. These writings are the humble, but eloquent and truthful letters of the poor immigrants, who tell, in their simple but sincere language, their happy experiences in this land of freedom, and, by their glowing encomiums, induce the friends left at home to follow after them. We had one of these stirring missives put into our hands the other day which had been written at the dictation of a chambermaid in a friend's family, a boy of fifteen having acted as amanuensis. It ran thus:

To Mrs. Betty Rork, Bally—, in the county Antrim, Ireland. Dear Mother: I arrived in — just six months ago to-day. Dear mother, this is a great country for the likes of us. I have had a good place ever since I came over, and so has Jane Murray, who is cook in a gentleman's family, and gets good wages. Dear mother, Tim Riley and Patrick Donovan and his sister are all doing well. Dear mother, you must send over Peter; he must come from Liverpool by the ship —. I send a draft on the Bank of Ireland for two pounds, and a certificate for his passage. Dear mother, this is from your loving daughter,

BRIDGET RORK.

It requires no very powerful imagination to conceive the effect which such a piece of writing as this will produce when it is read in the circle for which it was intended in Bally—. Possibly the person to whom it was written is unable to read it herself, but she calls in the aid of the priest, or the shop-keeper, or some other learned person: and it is read aloud to admiring groups of hunger-pinched and half-clad listeners, whom its contents inspire with golden opinions of the fruitfulness of the land of freedom and the unspeakable blessings of republican institutions. Letters of similar import, written in all languages, are constantly flying, like winged seeds, all over Europe, and dropping and germinating wherever there are human beings and human habitations. In every county of England and Ireland, in the highlands of Scotland, the mountains of Switzerland, by the habitations of the Danube, on the shores of the Baltic, on the plains of Italy, among the vineyards of France, and all over Norway and Sweden, these flying leaves are constantly dropping, dropping, dropping, and imbuing the minds of the people where they fall with extravagant ideas of the glorious privileges of a free government, and the happiness and prosperity of those who make their own laws and elect their own rulers. Is it surprising, then, that all over Europe there should suddenly have broken out, without any concert of action, such a widespread, vigorous, and confident demand for the right of free government? And is it likely that, while the self-same causes are still actively at work, there will ever be an abatement of that revolutionary spirit which has been awakened by such writings as we have hinted at?

From the Examiner.

Remonstrances against Romish Corruptions in the Church, addressed to the People and Parliament of England in 1395. Now for the first time published. Edited by the Rev. F. FORSHALL. Longman and Co.

MR. FORSHALL has printed this remarkable tract at an interesting time, but its importance and value are more than temporary. It proves the sturdiness and independence of the English character in all that related to civil and religious freedom as long ago as nearly five centuries. It shows us that such pretensions as were expected to pass without challenge three centuries after the Reformation most certainly did not pass unchallenged two centuries before it. And as a mere specimen of our vernacular at the date when it was written, it is invaluable.

Mr. Forshall has edited it most carefully, with an excellent introduction, glossary, and index; and it seems strange that it should not earlier have received this attention. Biographers of Wycliffe have referred to it, and quoted passages in evidence of the Wycliffite heresies; but they appear to have failed altogether of perceiving its larger scope, or understanding its political bearing and significance. There can hardly be a doubt, as Mr. Forshall suggests, that it was drawn up to influence the famous parliament which met in the eighteenth year of Richard the Second, and which was a scene of unusual excitement on the subject of religion from the sudden clash of the old Papal party with the new and increasing band of patriotic reformers. Wycliffe had then been dead, and his opinions gradually on the increase, for more than ten years. The author of the remonstrance was his friend John Purvey, who assisted him in the first English version of the Bible, shared with him the duties of his parish, and attended his death-bed. He was the most active of the reformers, the most formidable to the ecclesiastical authorities; and his intention in the tract before us was to make his countrymen generally acquainted with the corrupt state of the Church, and rouse them to measures for its reform.

Memorable, indeed, are its contents and doctrines. It upholds the supremacy of the royal authority, and the spiritual as well as temporal independence of the realm. It tramples upon the temporal, and not a few of the spiritual, pretensions of the Pope. It asserts repeatedly the strictly eleemosynary tenure of the property of the Church. It denounces the evil uses to which the monastic orders turned their ill-gotten superflux of wealth. It exposes the sham pretence to mere spiritual sway exhibited by men notorious for nothing so much as the inordinate love of temporal power. And towards the close of the tract we have a very pregnant hint thrown out that it might be for the welfare of the Christian community if the ministers of religion could be induced to forego their endowments, and depend on contingent alms from the State and the people.

We take but a very few extracts, honestly assuring the reader that the tract itself will reward his curiosity in many ways, and give him at a glance a more remarkable insight into the actual opinions heaving and stirring the depths of English hearts five centuries ago, than he could ever hope to derive from even patient study of the ordinary histories.

See how plainly this true-hearted man perceived

the master mischief of the usage of that time in devolving to churchmen the higher offices of state—

Neither prelatys neither preestis neither dekenis shulden hau secular offis, that is, chauncerie, tresorie, priuy seal, and othere sicke secular offis in the cheker; neither be stiwardis of londis, ne stiwardis of halle, ne clerks of kichene, ne clerks of accountis; neither be occupied in ony secular office in lordis courtis, most wil secular men ben sufficient to do suche secular offis.

Here is evidence that the dangers of confession were felt in families then as now, and particularly in their effects on women. Observe, too, how exactly such cases as poor Mathurin Carré's are foreshadowed. Shame to us that after five centuries such a wickedness could recur!

A preest vnfaithful and vnkunynge shal withdrawe comounli a man fro verri contricioun and eschewynge of synne, and demynge good euil and euil good. Also such a preest wole enioyne to a man satisfaccioun of monei turnynge into his owne wyngynge, and exclude the werkis of merci anentis pore men, and apople tho to riche prestis or ipocritis religious, that han more than neith to hem. Also thei wolen putte to a man confessid to hem greuous chargis and vnsuffrable bi fyndinge of synful men in dispisinge of Goddis heestis and the counseilis of Crist, that ben softe and profitable bothe to bedi and soule. Of the greete depthe of euelis that ben falle bi such rounynge in cere maad to vnfaithful and vnkunynge prestis bi cumbringe of symple mennis consciensis, and nameli of women brough to manie euelis herbi, is not of this tyme or of oo deadli man to declare fulli.

Again—

If freris mendicantis and speciali menouris bilde ouir castlew housis bi false meenis and blasfeme legginge, and bi rauelyn of pore mennis golis brought in bi ipocrisie, and ben more prudent aboute vanitees of the world and othere superfluitees than othere worldli men, thei ben false profetis and discipulis of antecrist, and disseyuen the puple vndir the colour of pite.

The power and independence of the sovereign authority is repeatedly asserted:

It is to preche and to defende stidefastli of cristene preestis and trewe secular men, that the king and secular lordis han power and auctorite to punshe what euere persone trespassinge opinli in here londis, though he be bisshop or archebisshop, yea and the bisshop of Rome.

Again—

The general counsell of worldli clerkis determynith thus, That no iuge presume bi himself to distric or condempne without suffring of the bisshop, neithir prest neithir dekenie, neithir ony clerk neithir the lasse men of the chirehe, that is the seruant of clerkis. And if he doth, he shal be sequestrid, or departid, fro the chirehe, till he knoueleche his gilt and amende him. Bi this decretal the king nai neithir streyne neithir condempne ony clerk, though he gilte neure so moche agens the king, if the bisshop assente not thereto. What mai lette thanne bisshopis and clerkis to putte down king and alle lordis, and conquire alle here lordis and godis at here likinge? Therefore alle cristene men crieth on this fals lawe and on the makeris and meyntencouris therof.

The same principle is insisted on again and again, with noble fervor and courage:

The lawis of the pope ben gode, and owen to be taken of feithful men, conli in as moche as the ben foundid expresli or opinli in holi scripture, or in quik

reesoun that mai not be distried, or in as moche as to be maad esi to vnderstonde holi scripture and to kepe Goddis heestis. This sentence is opin bi this; that ellis tho weren wickide lawis, tariynge cristene men fro vertu and knowinge and kepinge of Goddis lawe, and fro euere lasting bliss. But God seith, in the x. c^o. of Isaie, *Wo to hem that maken wickid lawis.*

Here, too—

Allas! hou greet abhominacioun of discumfort is this, that bi bullis of the bishop of Rome not foundid opinli in the lawe of God, neithir in opin reesoun, cristene puple is brought into so greet errour, that it bileuth to haue more meryt in geuynge almese to riche men bi assignynge of the pope, which almese Crist assignide to pore men, yea, vndir dette of euere lastinge deth, than in geuynge it to pore men, whiche thei knowen verrili nedi.

And here, in a remark on the vice of indulgences:

For though a cristene man geue manie godis, yea, the tenth part or the half of alle his godis, to the gaderedis or procuratouris of suche indulgencis, and releue not hise pore neighboris which he knowith verri nedi, he shal be dampnid withouten ende bi the witnesse of Jesu Cristini the xxv. c^o. of Mt. And though a cristene man geue nothing to the procuratouris of suche indulgencis, but helpe bi his power his nedi neighboris, he shal be sauid bi the witnessinge of Jhesu Crist in the same xxv. c^o. of Mt.

Our last extract anticipates a wisdom to which even the experience of five centuries has not yet perfectly arrived.

If religiouse possessioneris that oughten to be merour of gostli and heuenli conuersacioun in doinge abstinence and satisfacioun for synnis of the puple bi teeris and denout preieris, wasten opinli the godis of here foundouris in pride, glotonie, and lecherie, and othere lustis of the flesh, and in vanitees of the world, thanne thei ben perloous ipocritis, and in dede thei prechen errour agens the feith, and ben worse than worldli men bothe in werk and word. This sentence is opin of itself, and bi opin experience. And thanne the founders or here successouris moun medefulli withdrawe fro hem secular lordships and othere temporal godis, nameli superflui godis whiche thei mysusen so to greet harm of hemself and of othere cristene men.

Very remarkable is it to discover, in various passages throughout this tract, that a humble parish priest in Buckinghamshire in the reign of Richard the Second had the courage substantially to declare his conviction, at the very time when his country was still within the pale of Rome, that all endowments for religious, charitable, and public purposes, even when they proceeded from the bounty of individuals, should properly be held subject to the absolute control of the State.

From the National Intelligencer.

To the Editors.—GENTLEMEN: There has been some rivalry of late among claimants to the honor of being first in advocating cheap postage. The priority of one who wrote in 1844 has been set aside by the New York committee in favor of another who wrote in 1843. Both Mr. Bates and Mr. Spooner labored zealously and effectively, and

I am very far from a desire to take one leaf from their well-earned laurels.

Not without some apprehension that Dr. Franklin will get up a still earlier claim, I beg you to reprint an editorial article written by myself a good while ago, the concluding paragraph of which has some interest as fulfilled prophecy.

E. LITTELL.

Washington, April 30, 1851.

From the Literary Portfolio of January 21, 1830.

THE MAIL FREE.

In our last we brought forward a proposition that, when the national debt shall have been paid off, it will, perhaps, be found to be the most useful, most general, most equitable, and least objectionable of all the plans that can be devised for the use of the surplus revenue to make the post office free. The Courier and Enquirer, before seeing our project, had spoken with much force, and with great plainness of speech, of some of the evils that must arise from a distribution of the surplus among the states, to be by them expended. And it has gone so far as "most seriously and most solemnly to declare that, much as they despise the miserable maxim that a national debt is a national blessing, they had rather see the nation in debt than with a large surplus revenue to be in any way distributed and employed by the agents or dependents of either the General or State Governments. Wasteful extravagance, or woful misapplication, ever will be the result of such a disposition of the public money. It would, in all probability, be wasted in electioneering improvements or impracticable schemes," &c. Thinking the suggestion we have made free from all the objections that have been made to a distribution of the surplus, and that it will "abide the scrutiny of talents and of time," we now proceed to state it more in detail.

To avoid the inconveniences that would arise in the Post Office Department from a sudden and complete change, we would suggest that the first step toward the accomplishment of the plan should be a reduction of the rates of postage to the following scale: *One cent per sheet on newspapers, periodicals, and letters.*

And in the spirit of the existing law, which gives to editors of newspapers their exchange papers free, *let all newspapers, periodicals, and letters to editors of newspapers or periodicals go free.* And it would, perhaps, be expedient to extend the privilege of franking to the legislative and executive authorities of all the states and territories.

How much of the surplus revenue such a scale of postage would absorb we are unable to guess. There would be so great an increase in the business of the Post Office that we are confident the gross receipts would be larger than they now are. And, when we look at the improvements making in the means of conveyance, it will hardly be thought impossible that the cost of carrying the mail may decrease in as great a proportion as the reduction of postage above recommended. We think we look but a little way ahead when we see the MAIL CAR going between Portland and New Orleans, and between Washington and St. Louis, at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

The LIVING AGE is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston. Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.